

INSIDE:

The terror of Bhopal

Maclean's

DECEMBER 17, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE HIGH ROLLER

**The rags-to-riches
saga of Canadian
multi-millionaire
Walter Wolf**





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 17, 1984 VOL. 97 NO. 51

COVER

The high roller

The controversy surrounding wealthy Canadian businessman Walter Wolf has been fuelled by his alleged forcing of disident Tories, his ties to top Conservative politicians and mysterious break-ins in Montreal. Maclean's learned of still another last week. In a series of interviews Wolf categorically dismissed the charges as unfounded. — *Page 38*



Steps toward entente

In talks with René Lévesque last week, Brian Mulroney modified his position but Lévesque was left without any clear evidence of constitutional progress. — *Page 44*



The terror in Bhopal

Deadly gas leaking from a pesticide factory killed and injured thousands in central India, causing concern about the safety of chemical plants around the world. — *Page 26*



An uncertain tomorrow

Facing a severe economic crisis and a volatile military, Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín celebrates his first year in office with an unsettling future ahead. — *Page 21*



More than just pretty faces

This Christmas season gift books are not merely vanity affairs. Thoughtful analyses—and beautiful pictures—are presented in a broad range and depth. — *Page 45*

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The Wolf adventure

Walter Wolf, the subject of this week's cover story, has always jealously guarded his personal life. But when *Maclean's* Montreal Bureau Chief Anthony Wilson-Smith, known at the magazine as "Hyphen," made contact with the Canadian multimillionaire, Wolf surprised him by agreeing to spend a weekend talking about his high-octane life—but only if the meeting could be held at his sumptuous Acropolis retreat. The experience was more than Wilson-Smith had bargained for.



Wilson-Smith and Wolf, octane

Again, but then it was the boat's fault. It was going too slowly. I got about a foot off the surface—and crashed again.

Still, Wilson-Smith found Wolf to be an engaging subject. He added "Much like Pierre Trudeau, the man he admires the most, Wolf is a larger-than-life figure with an exceptional appetite for everything he does. When he comes up, he becomes an extremely charming man, with a wry sense of humor." Wilson-Smith also found that Wolf appeared to be genuinely bewildered by the controversy surrounding his activities in Canada. "He does not seem to understand it at all." Equally, Canadians do not not appear to understand Walter Wolf.

Keith Smith

Maclean's Dec. 27, 1984

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South Africa's ills

Congratulations on your excellent special report on South Africa ("South Africa's transition," *Observer*, Nov. 26), which described the realities of life inside South Africa most graphically. I felt, however, that the treatment of the regional politics of southern Africa somewhat simplified the situation and was occasionally inaccurate. The statement that South Africans pressure on Angola is aimed mostly at the African National Congress is not correct. While the ANC has diplomatic, refugee and training facilities in Angola, the military and political thrust of South African policy in Angola has been against the South West African People's Organization—a point that even South Africa itself has constantly repeated. Moreover, the implication that Mozambique signed the Niamey Accord with South Africa because of South African raids against ANC bases in its territory is questionable. Like Zimbabwe, Lesotho and Angola, Mozambique has suffered a four-year program of economic destabilization which has brought enormous pressure to bear on its frail economy.

—STEVEN COHEN, Ottawa

Over the past year I have listened to people from South Africa and Namibia, both blacks and whites, who are all concerned about the end of apartheid. I have not heard one of them agree with your statement: "Western investment in South Africa probably serves a useful purpose. It raises the living standards of



South Africa's Pieter Botha: pressure

some blacks, and the more enlightened foreign companies can also set an example in labor relations" (From the Editor's Desk). Our investment in South Africa does not help the cause of any blacks but it does help the capitalists. It is their strength in the hands of those who oppress the black millions. Foreign companies are in South Africa and Namibia because of the cheap black labor, held down by the military might of the government. —REV. J. C. HIGGINS, Atlanta, Ga.

Cracking down on 'cops'

I was delighted to read Barbara Aspell's column entitled "The fall of policing language" (Nov. 26). Personally, I got tired of people tripping over their lips because they are not sure how to address me as a woman and not get labelled as being racist. While I feel a certain amount of care is needed, these "language cops" are generally promoting officiousness as a virtue for their own consciences and ignorance. What is important is that respect and consideration be given to people regardless of their sex or race. Call me a politician if you like. My age and experiences are solid enough to handle such an attack. —COLLEEN MURPHY-KIT, Calgary

Fortunately, our language is alive. It responds neither to the "push-down" of the "language cops" nor to Barbara Aspell's attempts to stomp out usage, but to the needs of all who use it. There is now, obviously, a need for a nongender-specific manner of expression and a wish to show tolerance and respect for all people. Our language is changing, and will continue to change, with us.

—J. REID, Toronto

PASSAGES

1930: Estelita Mackenzie, 103, the second-oldest survivor of the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, in Redlands Beach, Calif. Mackenzie, an unmarried 27-year-old who was reluctant to take a seat in the last lifeboat to leave the ship because husbands and wives were being separated from each other, had not been told by the Titanic Historical Society that members had discovered an elder survivor, whose identity is being withheld.

GRANTED: To the families of the 11 children slain by convicted murderer Clifford Olson, 44, scores in the \$100,000 trust fund created by Olson's lawyers when the actor paid the mass murderer for information in 1982 that led them to the locations of the bodies of his victims, by British Columbia Supreme Court Justice William Traister. The trust fund was established for Olson's wife, Jean, and his son, but Traister decided that Olson had indirectly benefited from his crime, partly because the fund had been used to pay his legal fees. Although only seven of the 11 families had the seven children, the money will be divided among all the families.

CITIZEN: Unsuccessful U.S. vice-presidential candidate for the Democratic party, Gerald Ferraro, 49, for failure to keep proper financial disclosure statements was becoming a congressman in 1978, by the ethics committee of the House of Representatives. Throughout the recent U.S. election campaign with Democratic presidential candidate Walter Mondale, Ferraro was beset by charges that she had violated the Ethics in Government Act by filing incorrect and incomplete financial statements. Ferraro's term in office ends on Jan. 3.

OVERTURNED: The conviction of Liberal Senator Peter Skellery, 49, who was charged with trespassing and jailed overnight in an Ottawa police station where he went to report a traffic incident last Feb. 17, by an Ontario provincial court judge. Skellery was imprisoned after he refused to leave the station. He was convicted by a justice of the peace last May and was given a suspended sentence.

REBORN: André Laurendeau, 50, the embattled editor of *Le Monde*, France's leading daily newspaper, after six editorial staff members—who own a key 44 per cent of the shares—voted by a wide margin to reject his authority plan. The left-leaning journal of his last editorializing and advertising business of its close relationship with the Socialist government. Laurendeau had proposed selling the paper's historic Paris head office building and cutting staff salaries by 30 per cent.

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Abortion: dissonant voices

As one of the "bitter" pro-choice supporters who celebrated Dr. Henry Morgentaler's acquittal in a small but significant victory in women's fight against oppression, I read your cover story ("Abortion: was another round," Cover, Nov. 30) with great interest. I was prepared for a generally progressive treatment of the subject, typical of the attitudes I have come to expect from *Weekend's* I found, instead, a subtly biased anti-choice stance. You have focused on the emotional sensationalism

of the Mary Lambert, the Laura Mearns and the Durga Hagboots of the world, making passing reference to the pro-choice argument when you state only that "the basic issue is one of women's control over their own bodies." By not giving greater attention to this basic issue, you have missed the point.

—ELAINE BURGESS,
Aurora, Ont.

Rather than add anything new or thoughtful to the discussion, in "The meaning of Morgentaler" (Cover Essay, Nov. 10) you have accepted uncritically

the cruel distortions of the pro-choice movement. At first glance, its slogans seem so innocuous and so praiseworthy. Who could possibly object to "freedom of choice"? But to suggest that we relegate the question of abortion to the realm of private judgment is ludicrous. If human fetuses are indeed human beings, we have no more right to allow freedom of choice than we would dream of allowing mature humans to do wrong with their neighbors. I hope that one day soon the depressing reality of abortion stalks in before too many more Canadians fall victim to its injustice.

—SEY H. HADDUP,
Bramford, Ont.

Pro-life supporters cannot shun their advocacy of the unborn simply because Dr. Morgentaler managed to circumvent the jury system to thwart the law. This is a human rights issue of the deepest significance. Surely it is sophistry to quibble about the point at which an unborn child is "a person." Only with steadfastness should we focus the real meaning of "terminating a pregnancy." By refusing to recognize the moral and philosophical dimension of the abortion issue, we shun wisdom to convenience.

—ANGELA MORRIS,
Mississauga, Ont.

The jury decision acquitting Dr. Morgentaler and two others, Dr. Robert Scott and Dr. Leslie Smith, is cause for celebration. It was a declaration that all women have the right to medical services they need. But abortion termination cannot be celebrated. Abortion may be necessary acts to reduce suffering but they are not reasons for removing. Almost all abortions could be avoided by choice, by choosing not to conceive. Abortions are evidence of human failure to prevent the conception of unwanted children.

—SEY CHRISTOPHER KAMLE,
Toronto

I consider myself part of the silent majority who, after a great deal of soul-searching, has reached the decision that the question of abortion is between a woman and her doctor. I am all for making abortion more accessible to Canadian women. I realize that abortion is a sensitive subject to most everyone, but it cannot be ignored. More and more I find myself wanting to become part of the vocal minority—representing the silent majority—to stand up for a woman's right to a safe abortion.

—ELAINE GRACE,
Ottawa

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The premier who roared

A premier of Manitoba and later the self-styled leader of Canada's "most conservative opposition," Sterling Lyon gained a reputation as a pragmatic politician and a capable orator. His unswerving opposition to Pierre Trudeau's plans to unilaterally patriate the Constitution and to ex-

tend the Charter of Rights and Freedoms resulted in an astounding formula that gave the provinces the final say in future constitutional changes. His nationalism and fiscal conservatism made him a darling of the "new right" long before Margaret Thatcher or Ronald Reagan gained such attention.



*When you have
some, thing
really worth
celebrating!*

Christmas

And his attack last year on Manitoba NDP Premier Howard Pawley's proposal to stretch Winnipeg in Manitoba contributed significantly to its ignominious defeat. When Lyon relinquished the leadership of the provincial Conservative party to Gary Filmon in December, 1986, after a stormy eight-year reign, he was as combative as ever. Said Lyon: "Stepping down from the leadership? Yes. Retiring? You bet not."

Now just a simple MJA for the largely middle-class constituency of Charlewood in north Winnipeg, and general counsel for the Winnipeg law firm of Pihladi & Blomgren, Lyon claims to enjoy the "more relaxed atmosphere of the back bench." Although he is planning not to run in the next election, his interest in politics has not waned. Recently, he praised the cost-cutting measures of the new federal Tory government—"policies that he championed as premier from 1977 to 1986. Said Lyon: "Deficit spending is like cancer. If you let it feed on the body politic it will eat you up."

Lyon's political rise began in 1968 when, as a 30-year-old lawyer and MJA for Port Garry, Premier Duff Roblin appointed him Manitoba's attorney general. He won a bitterly contested Tory leadership contest in 1975 and led his party to victory over the NDP government of Edward Schreyer in 1977. His business-oriented government signalled a conservative shift in Western political tastes.

Manitoba's electorate apparently never fully accepted Lyon's restraint measures—keeping them civil service layoffs and hospital and university cuts. The premier's free-wheeling verbal assaults also proved to be unpopular. In 1983 Manitoba voted the NDP back into power by a margin of three per cent over the Conservatives. Lyon concedes that his defeat may have been due in part to his extreme rhetoric. As he put it: "That is possible. I do not lose any sleep over that. I am what I am."

Lyon can choose to relinquish the governing NDP's collection of appointments and, citing party polls, confidently predicts that his party will form Manitoba's next government. And even as he prepares to take on a string of corporate directorships, including one for the 600-store retail chain of MacLac's Bookware Inc., politics remains his passion. Lyon says that he would run for the Senate if it were an elected body, and that he would even accept a straightforward appointment. At the same time, the former premier says that he is intrigued by rumors of an upcoming job offer from Ottawa—about which he is ambivalently reticent. As Lyon put it in his typically shrewd manner, "When the party is in office, naturally I want to help in any way I can."

—ANDREW NIELSEN

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drug addiction. David was never able to overcome his problems, and he died tragically from an overdose of cocaine and two pandemics last April in a Palm Beach, Fla., hotel room. Joe Kennedy found some diversion to his life in his growing concern for the needy and poor as well as in politics. After working for a year as a counselor for ghetto children in Boston, in 1956 he became campaign manager for his uncle, Edward Kennedy, who was running in Massachusetts for re-election to the U.S. Senate. Kennedy also credits his wife, housing consultant Shelia Brewster

Rouch, with being a stabilizing influence. Married in 1976, the couple have four-year-old twin boys. Still Kennedy: "My wife has a very strong belief in anything that I do. She helps keep my feet on the ground."

Edward Kennedy's re-election in 1976 left the young Joe Kennedy adrift. He worked for the Federal Community Services Administration for 18 months in Washington, but developed a distaste for bureaucracy and quit in 1978. Then, while visiting Richard Goodwin, a former adviser to his father and to John F. Kennedy, the young Kennedy heard a TV

news report about excessive oil company profits, at a time of oil shortages caused by the Iranian revolution. Goodwin suggested that he set up a nonprofit oil company, and Kennedy quickly adopted the idea. He started Citizens Energy in 1979 with two friends who, like him, knew nothing about the oil business. Working out of the basement of Kennedy's Boston home, they negotiated their first deal: \$24 million worth of crude oil from Venezuela. They had the oil refined and then sold the byproducts, using the profits to discount by as much as 40 per cent the price of heating oil for the Massachusetts Fuel Assistance Program.

Since then, Citizens Energy's staff has expanded to 35 people, whose main activity has been to provide about 20 million gallons of heating oil to poor people in Massachusetts to date. Among the company's objectives is a comprehensive program that puts one-quarter of the net revenues from petroleum products into alternative energy facilities and other projects in concert with which it does business. So far, Citizens Energy has sponsored solar hot-water heating systems in Jamaica and Venezuela and a biomass energy program, which converts organic matter to energy, in Costa Rica. Citizens Energy also helps to provide energy-saving systems for residential, hospital, university and other buildings in Massachusetts. And in conjunction with the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, a nonprofit foundation that sponsors youth and other charitable projects, Citizens Energy sponsors the home oil transfer program, through which owners are encouraged to donate oil left in their tanks when they convert to other fuels or systems. The group then sells to independent oil contractors and gives the profits to charities that provide low-cost fuel. In Canada the program begins operating in Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa last year and has since collected more than 250,000 gallons and helped 500 needy families.

Kennedy and other Citizens Energy executives stress that the company is based on "good business" as well as goodwill. Salaries are low compared to those of other oil companies, but they are not insignificant. Kennedy, according to *The Washington Post Magazine*, makes \$50,000 a year, another staffer \$72,000. Still, Kennedy said that he knew people who, like himself, are committed to helping the poor. He is now considering applying the nonprofit approach to seven such as health care and food. With every new success, Joe Kennedy emphasizes, even more pressure is added to the political dynasty of which he is a member. He steps short of discussing a career in public life. As he put it, "Why risk anything else?"

Q&A: ROBERT STONE

Reverberations of Vietnam

The American novelist Robert Stone, 47, used his experience covering the Vietnam War for a British magazine in his novel Dog Soldiers, about the drug trade between Vietnam and California. He next won the prestigious U.S. National Book Award in 1977 and likewise the Hollywood film Who'll Stop the Rain? A previous novel, A Hall of Mirrors (1967), which dealt with the extreme right-wing political underground in New Orleans, was adapted into a film script, with Paul Newman and John Woodward. His next recent novel is A Fing for Scurry (1982), which deals with political unrest in a fictitious Central American country that resembles Costa Rica. Stone now lives from time to time in New York, from time to time in Connecticut and a flat in London. England. Nucleus's correspondent David Fitzhugh interviewed Stone during a recent visit to Toronto.

Nucleus: How thoroughly has the memory of the Vietnam War worked its way into everyday American life?

Stone: It is very hard to say. For people my age, I think it will be the great defining historical event in our lives. I hope so—I think I hope something worse does not happen. But we now have 20-year-olds who were 16 years old when the war ended. Your college-age Americans have really a distinct recollection of the Vietnam War. Lyndon Johnson had a couple of children back then. One was so small he fit the country and stood in people in the war. The other was to try to do it on the side, so to speak, and to carry on his social welfare programs domestically at the same time. Although the war was on the minds of thinking people there was a sense in which it was going on somewhere offstage, while what was going on really was the drugs, the music, the 1960s. Finally, though, the war did invade the national consciousness.

Nucleus: What consciousness have you reached about the war?

Stone: It is obvious that the United States got into the war to check the power of China—the same tactics used in the Balkan war against the Greeks, the Russians and the Turks. I now also think that what the United States sought to do was to marginalize North Vietnam President Ho Chi Minh to make a deal. Ho Chi Minh was a very unusual person, also ruthless, and he was prepared to accept a mutually ruinous role among his people considered unacceptable by the Japanese in the Second World War, contrary to Johnson's bet that he would

not accept such a role. He knew that the Americans would finally demand an end to the war, just as the French had demanded an end to their war. So I do not think that there was any real attempt by America to win the war militarily. That is why you ended up with horrendous ideas like the body count. One reason that some American veterans were so damaged was that they did not have the satisfaction of having satisfaction of occupying the enemy's turf, just going out and counting the number of soldiers killed was equivalent and repulsive to the men who were doing it. They were happy if they could fight over a swimming hole. What is more, the average American fighting in Vietnam was eight years younger than the average American in the Second World War. You had the old men where you were three of all these kids dressed up as soldiers.

Nucleus: Does the memory of the war still make divisions within the United States?

Stone: It is hard to say because the United States is so compartmentalized. Certainly, President Reagan seems to be manipulating the remembrance of Vietnam as much as he can, with eloquent phrases like "standing tall" which make me, as an American, cringe.

Nucleus: The key words of the First World War did not appear until the mid-to late 1970s and even went into the



Stone, the boys of a swimming hole

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The last of the
Genuine Russian Vodka

Only vodka from Russia is genuine Russian vodka.

2000. Do you think the important Fort-
son books are still to come?

Stene: One cannot be sure. Someone
may come along with the definitive ver-
sion, but I think that a lot of the work has
been done. I think [Tim O'Brien's] *Going
After Cacciato* is very fine and, outside
of fiction, [Michael Herr's] *Despatches* is
the book of record if one raises the
question of what it was like, the answer
is *Despatches*. He captured it as words
as well as anybody could. There may be
somebody working away on a great
book, but my feeling is that from the
literary standpoint the returns are in.

Macdonald: Do you foresee U.S. involve-
ment in Central America on anything
remotely like the Vietnam model?

Stene: Public opinion is so uniformly
opposed that I can hardly picture it as
politically feasible. It is a temptation for
certain elements in the country because
an intervention, in El Salvador especially,
has a very good chance of being
successful in the short run. It is a small
country, self-contained, and the rebels
have obviously failed to communicate
with the majority of the people. So the
tempting thing is that it might suc-
ceed, that people are tired, and see a
chance for yet another victory and as
a scale larger than Grenada. I think every
attempt to enforce any public opinion on
this has to be opposed. It is obviously
necessary for the United States to come
to terms with social change in Central
America. That's the point, for there is
very little American investment anywhere
in Central America.

Macdonald: How do you perceive Presi-
dent Ronald Reagan's performance now,
in the eye of an armed reconnaissance?
Stene: Well, Reagan is perceived differ-
ently in the United States than he is
in the rest of the world. In the States he is
rather reasonably liked. He is the
political equivalent of Mankin. So what
he says tends to be dismissed by the
media as the usual kind of rhetoric. He
annoys the Russians, particularly, be-
cause he has a habit of using Marxist
phrases back at them, such as "the gar-
bage heap of history." I don't want to be
grossly optimistic, but I do not think
that in terms of policy he is much differ-
ent from plenty of other American poli-
ticians. In any case, people do tend to
dismiss the content of his statements
and respond to his manner. But I
think that he has the brains to realize
that he should not start a Third World
War. He is better than that. He's living
the life of a rich California, so why should
he want to terrify it? And I don't think
the Russians should take his rhetoric
so seriously. It is important that we
understand each other, the Russians
and the United States, and I wonder
whether they are doing something called
so. Generally, I think that things
may not be as bad as they seem. ☐

COLUMN

A bloody, made-for-TV murder

By Fred Bruning

In the early hours of Feb. 17, 1979,
Jeffrey MacDonald's family was
murdered. All killings are heinous,
but these occurring on the grounds of
Fort Bragg, N.C., that morning seemed
particularly awful. The victim—Mac-
donald's pregnant wife, Collette, 26, and
daughters, Kimberly, 5, and Kristen, 2—
were beaten and stabbed in a manner so
savage that when the young army cap-
tains dressed later, his loved ones had
been slaughtered by four disarrayed
hooligans, no further explanation seemed
necessary. Memories of the Charles
Manson murders in California were still
vivid, and the Fort Bragg episode looked
like none of the same. Halper Sleeter,
Part 1.

As the only survivor, MacDonald gave
a spellbinding account of the attack.
"And I'm groggy, like the pigs," Agins and
again, MacDonald said, the resistance
was made by a woman in a floppy hat,
while the gang fell upon her—beat-
ing and slashing and leaving her
unconscious only to revive, not in a
pleasant rented cottage, but in an abhor-
rent, a chamber of horrors.

MacDonald was a sympathetic figure,
to be sure. The handsome Green Beret
doctor from Long Island had struggled
conspicuously against the intruders. He
had been wounded in the fray (although
superficially). He had endured terrible
personal loss and one might only guess
the emotional damage sustained, the
nightmares that would haunt him from
deep as the years went by. Already,
MacDonald seemed haunted by the very
fact of his survival. Many times the
experts would speak of trying to deal
with the central riddle of his barely
existence—why his beautiful wife and
lovely children were dead and he alive.

Soon enough, army investigators had
an answer to MacDonald's painful in-
quiries. He had been ambushed and
killed, while the others perished for a single,
albeit astonishing, reason: he had mur-
dered them. There had been no assas-
sination, no shafts, no floppy hat, no attack
on deception, no need at all to earn the
doves and wonder what the world was
coming to. There had only been Jeffrey
MacDonald, moved to uncharacteristic
rage, stalking through his home and
dispatching Collette, Kimberly and Kris-
ten as deliberately as he might have
blinded out the lights before retiring.

The army began something called an
Article 32 hearing to determine if court-
martial proceedings should be initiated

—a matter of form. But MacDonald
emerged victorious and the slaughter of
army investigators suddenly looked neu-
trality at best. Gaining an honorable
discharge, MacDonald moved to Califor-
nia and resumed his medical career. He
reopened the army for hospital men-
talists and said he was interested in
thinking that the slayers of his wife and
children resided at large.

In the background of the case was a
fellow named Freddy Kessels. Collette
MacDonald met Kessels, intrigued at
first by the army's decision to cast Mac-
donald as the murderer, Freddy Kessels
and Collette's mother, Mildred, under-
went a remarkable transformation.
While MacDonald practiced medicine in
California, Freddy Kessels spent his
years in the United States, poring over
transcripts of the Article 32 proceed-
ings. He read and reread. He took notes
and pondered what seemed irrational
differences between the physical

**'Jeffrey MacDonald
survived while the
others perished for a
simple reason: he had
murdered them'**

evidence and the account given by Mac-
donald. Slowly, reluctantly, the Kessels
arrived at the same conclusion—
driven by army investigators that after
an argument with Collette, MacDonald
committed the murders, and his sur-
gical skills to inflict injuries wounds
on himself and three children a band of
robbers/terrorists took to the mine.

MacDonald suggested that the Kessels
were motivated by greed, but the couple
were not to be deterred. Though
authorities showed little enthusiasm,
Freddy and Mildred Kessels asked and
peeled away, finally, the investigation
resumed. Subsequently, a grand jury
was impaneled. Antecedent at the turn
of events, MacDonald was indicted and,
in 1979, brought back from California
for trial. A jury in North Carolina
deliberated for only 57 hours be-
fore delivering the verdict sought, as
pioneeringly by the Kansas Jeffrey
MacDonald was found guilty and in
new in a federal penitentiary near Austin,
Tex., serving three consecutive life
terms without parole.

The story is irresistibly American—
the intelligent, fair-haired boy brought

down just as life was about to become the
best upon him. Yes, some people
MacDonald was a touch too self-assured
and had an extravagant need to prove
himself with women, but if these traits
are to be deemed suspicious, such of our
male citizens would be under 16-hour
surveillance. MacDonald was a charac-
ter so familiar to us as Joe Namath and
Indira Jones. He had it all and we
excused him. MacDonald capable of a
terrible crime? Impossible, said many
of our men and many who did not
know him.

So it may have seemed to Joe McGre-
ggs, an author and reporter of high
caliber who set out in 1979 to write a
book on the case. In this effort, McGre-
ggs had the full cooperation of Macdon-
ald, who heard his name would be well
served—that he would be portrayed as
victims, not killer. How offended Mac-
donald must have been to find that the
emerging volume, *Fate's Victim*, did pre-
sently say opposite. Although sales fre-
quently soared, the book made Macdon-
ald said to have been betrayed. He
excoriated the book and described as
"treasonous" the made-for-TV adaptation
has become recently tried to keep from
being broadcast. Said MacDonald: "I
wish the book would burn."

One can understand MacDonald's dis-
may. It is not easy to read McGreggs's
work and believe MacDonald innocent,
so previously has the author mar-
shaled the evidence. And yet, it is also
difficult to hear MacDonald defend him-
self and imagine him guilty. For those
outside the case, there is a familiar
horror at hand—one that occurs when-
ever our judgment in human nature
is challenged. Possibly, star, Penelope
tree, physician, James, Jeffrey
MacDonald) was solid stuff. His short-
comings seemed within tolerance, his
strengths decent enough. If the fellow
was not to be trusted, then who?

MacDonald's lawyer, John H. H. H.
MacDonald will be in Raleigh, N.C., regarding that
a federal judge overturn the 1979 convic-
tion or grant another trial. MacDonald
says there is new evidence and insists,
again, that he is innocent. "At one
point, someone has got to listen," he
said during an interview at the penitentiary.
"It's wrong for me to be here." Is
tempting to let things go at that, to take
this impressive, handsome man at his
word—just to restore ourselves and
may be, not him, Jeffrey MacDonald
and his type.

*MacDonald is a writer with Newland in
New York.*



THE HIGH ROLLER

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

Passing for a moment to rob his eyes against the blinding brightness of the afternoon Mexican sun, Walter Wolf glanced at the ground, then charged forward. Seconds later, he split the water cleanly and resurfaced from his dive right in the middle of his "W"-shaped pool. After climbing out, several feet from his outdoor, "W"-shaped Jacuzzi, he rubbed his eyes again, surveyed the view of Acapulco Bay below him and sighed softly. "Down here," said Wolf, "down here is the one place where I really relax." With his \$125-million villa behind him, and such neighbors as Frank Shuster, Spanish singing star Julio Iglesias and Henry Kissinger living around him, Austin-born Canadian multimillionaire Walter Wolf can afford to feel at home. He is far from the persistent questions surrounding his controversial business and political connections in his adopted country, and as equally long way from his own impoverished beginnings.

Enigma: With residences in half a dozen countries, high-profile friendships with such stars as former leader George Harrison and Pierre Trudeau and a constant lifestyle, the 45-year-old Wolf is a mystery man on the Canadian business scene, earning too fast to be pinned down. He travels about 300 days and a million miles a year, supervising his multitude of business interests. These range from oil brokerage services in Nigeria to high-tech deep-sea diving systems in Canada to a line of men's sportswear which, like virtually everything he owns, bears his distinctive red "W" crest with a stylized drawing of a wolf inside. But Wolf, a celebrity abroad whose face

adorns 20-foot billboards advertising his menswear in Tokyo, remains an enigma in Canada, where his political and business dealings have been embroiled in controversy for the past year. Wolf shot to worldwide prominence in Canada last February when former Tory power broker Dalton Camp named Wolf as a major "offshore" financier

tributed up to \$250,000 to the dissident's cause. Adding to the controversy, in the past five months there have been several highly publicized break-ins at the offices of a Wolf company and at those of prominent Montreal Tories by people who appear to be sending documents related to Wolf's alleged involvement with the party. Indeed, last week Maclean's learned of another Tory-related break-in at the Montreal home of party fund-raiser and lawyer David Angus which occurred last March (page 18).

In fact, it seemed that anything Wolf touched was destined to attract controversy. For one thing, controversy swirled around his involvement with the failinging Pacific resource firm East Coast Energy Ltd.—started by Mulroney aide and close friend Fred Ducrest—in which the millionaire, along with Mulroney and other Tories, held shares. For another, critics began scrutinizing his private affairs as if rigging something dealt with Petro-Canada.

Puzzle: Currently, Wolf is involved in a \$200,000 legal battle with McLeod Young Weir Ltd., a Toronto brokerage house with strong Tory ties. It is a dispute that has pitted Tory agent Terry, the securities firm, has gone to court over a disagreement with Wolf and his personal attorney, Michael Caggar—who is a close friend of Mulroney—about whether or not the financier sold the securities firm shares in

East Coast Energy Ltd. in July, 1982. Claiming that he is puzzled and bitter about the move of speculation and interests, Wolf who rarely denounces all the speculation concerning potential wrongdoing. But his once-overlooking loyalty to his adopted country has clearly waned.

Wolf recently discussed his activities



Wolf, growing controversy, lies to top Tories and a new break-in



Schechter's winning car loaded by Wolf products (above), Wolf's line of men's accessories: a \$1.2 million all-star

in a series of interviews with Maclean's, conducted in Montreal and Acapulco. In them, he repeatedly denied all allegations of wrongdoing—either legal or moral—and he added that the break-ins are being staged by someone whose very jealous of Mulroney and may be making the mistake of thinking they can get at him through me somehow.

Secret: Wolf's image problems first began when former Tory party president Camp made a scathing allegation during an appearance on *TV's Question Period* on Jan. 26, 1983. Asked about the dump-Clark movement, Camp said "The evidence is pretty clear that it was largely financed by person or persons unknown. I have a good idea where some of that money came from, and some of it came from offshore." A year later Camp described Wolf as one of the people to whom he had been referring. Last week Camp told Maclean's "I have said everything about Walter Wolf that I have to say. [The involvement] is a necessary move. What was at issue was the question of secret funding for the dump-Clark movement." But Camp also said, "I have no reason to retract anything I have said up to date." He refused to say who his sources were who identified Wolf as a contributor.

Wolf rejected these charges. He said that Camp "not only has no idea what he is talking about, but his bloody nose talking about political conspiracies at all. He never got a contract in his life that did not come from political friends." Wolf insisted that his only contribution to the anti-Clark move-

ment "in any shape or form" was an indirect one: he paid \$15,000 to director's fees to two prominent members of the anti-Clark forces in 1982. The two men were Caggar, who is a close friend and former chief counsel to Mulroney, and former Newfoundland premier Frank Moores, who now has offices in Montreal and Ottawa. Moores, who could not be reached for comment, has previously acknowledged serving as a director to a

Wolf company in Newfoundland, but he denies ever having received money from Wolf. When confronted with the denial, Wolf said, "I can only promise [regarding payment] that Frank has had a money lawyer." Caggar told Maclean's that he served as a director for Voyageur Marine Construction Co. Ltd., a company partly owned by Wolf, which is based in a Montreal suburb. (The company officers were one of the localities involved in last spring's) Both Caggar and Wolf described Caggar's role as a director for the company as "normal duty" for a personal attorney and added that it was not related to his work for the Tories as a Quebec organizer. Said Wolf: "It is absolutely the only money I gave to anyone associated with the anti-Clark movement. And my view is that the money was paid for their professional services, not political activities. Frankly, you do not buy very much of either Caggar's or Moores' time for what I paid them." As to his personal opinion of Clark, Wolf said "I obviously did not like him and that has never been a secret. I think he was a bad embarrassment for Canada. But I frankly could not be bothered waiting any time or money to do anything about him."

Timing: Wolf's other major problems surfaced in April, when McLeod Young Weir sued Caggar. In an capacity as a representative of Wolf, for \$500,116.90. The dispute began when Wolf, on Caggar's advice, spent \$500,000 to buy 33,333 shares of East Coast Energy Ltd. in December, 1982. Other investors included Mulroney (\$15,000) and Mi-





McLennan (left) and Doucet, social and business links with Wolf

COVER

chael McLennan, former personal attorney to Wolf in the 1980s and a sometime Tory party president (\$7,500). Wolf said that he paid for the stock with a cheque for \$658,000 (U.S.) drawn on his account at the Butterfield Bank in the Bahamas. The company's cofounder and chief executive officer was Fred Doucet, now an adviser to Mulroney. The prospectus for East Coast, a speculative company, warned investors that the stock had "limited marketability" and was "not necessarily suitable for investors who may need to liquidate their assets in a timely manner."

Lawsuit: Eight months later, with the company rapidly losing money, Cooper told officials at McLeod—who acted as underwriters for East Coast's initial share issue in 1982—that Wolf wanted to sell all of his stock for \$200,000, at a loss of \$458,000 on his initial investment. Versions of what happened next differ. McLeod's officials insist that they agreed to buy the stock at \$6 a share on the understanding that Wolf would buy it back at that price whenever the company asked. McLeod's spokesmen add that they considered the arrangement to be a loan, with the stock pledged as security. Wolf claims that the transaction was a straight sale, with no buy-back agreement. Said Wolf: "I knew a little bit more about oil than these Toronto guys. I simply realized early that I had made a bad investment, and decided it was better to lose \$500,000 than the whole pile." Added Cooper: "Walter just told me to dump it, so I did."

In April, McLeod initiated the lawsuit

to recover "money lost plus interest thereon." McLeod officials refuse any comment until the case is settled. Wolf, who professes a strong dislike for "the Street kings" called the company "a bunch of losers who are trying to make a sucker of me. I hope they serve me [with a lawsuit], because they will soon find I do not take these things lying down."

McLeod officials said they feared that if they wrote off the money to Wolf, they would face embarrassing public suggestions that they were trying to carry over with the Tories. But Conservative sources say that as a result of the suit, McLeod President Tom Kierstead, a close friend of Ontario's Big Bear Ma-

chine, has been "tossed out" by Mulroney people who are angry at the negative publicity that the case has brought to a close Mulroney candidate stock in East Coast, which once traded at a high of over \$15 per share, dropped to less than a dollar last summer.

Myths: Wolf claims that he has about 300 Canadian employees, and his business ventures in the country include an oil supply vessel and oil servicing contracts with Petro-Canada, worth at least \$25 million. But he adds that these operations represent less than 50 per cent of his overall investments. A Canadian citizen since 1965, he no longer maintains a legal residence in Canada, pays no taxes and estimates that in the past few years he has spent an average of six months annually—broken into visits of several days at a time—in the country. Most of that time is spent in Montreal, where he has a permanent reservation for a suite at the Ritz-Clarendon Hotel.

Montreal is also the home of his son-in-law, Blackhawk King Air turboprop, a five-seater Bell JetRanger helicopter and a newly purchased Mercedes 560 with a specially built, more powerful, engine. But the red Maple Leaf that he displayed prominently on many of his possessions for years—particularly on the cars driven by his Formula One racing team—is now noticeably absent from some of his new acquisitions.

Wolf was not always untroubled about his adopted country. When he arrived in Montreal, his new home seemed to be a hostile terrain from a childhood of upheaval and loss. Born in Graz, Austria, in 1926, he moved with his family to Yugoslavia, where his father was in charge of building factories for the government. When the Soviets closed the border between the two coun-

Wolf with security staff at his Mexican villa: destined to attract notoriety



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Scheckler on the Grand Prix circuit: personal prestige gained from a winning racing team and relationships with rock stars

COVER

tries in 1941 the family was trapped, and in 1943 his father was captured by the Soviets and sent to a prison camp, where he spent the next 13 years.

Wolf, his mother and two brothers were left to fend for themselves. Wolf said that he helped to feed the family by earning money driving off the coast of Yugoslavia, selling "everything from seashells to scrap iron" and smuggling people out of the country during the Second World War. Wolf said, "I

learned very early in life what it is to see people die." Wolf's 12-year-old cousin was killed by Yugoslavians visiting their neighbor at anyone speaking German. At one point, he said, he accumulated a suitcase full of dollars (Yugoslavian currency), only to throw it out later "because I was afraid of what would happen to it if I was caught spending it."

"Bobby" in 1950 the Soviets released Wolf's father. The family, leaving two partners continuing all their belongings, left Yugoslavia to meet him in a Displaced Persons' camp in West Ger-

many. Wolf, then 15 with little formal education, got a job as an apprentice aircraft mechanic. He moved to West Germany until 1956, when he emigrated to the United States. There, he spent seven months in New York working at odd jobs before moving to Montreal. When he arrived in Canada in 1960, he said, he had \$7 in his pocket and spoke no little English, that the only thing he could order and afford in restaurants was chicken soup once a day.

He spent his first three winters in Quebec's Laurentians mountains as a ski instructor, where a fellow teacher remembers him as "a silent sort of someone that we did not want anything to do with, and who did not want anything to do with the rest of us." During summer Wolf worked as a hospital orderly and on construction gangs while living in Ottawa. He picked berries off the street to raise money to eat and he says that in one construction job, "I had to quit after four days to get my severance money, because I could not work for two weeks for a cheque to get food."

In early 1962, during a visit to Montreal he met Chas Kefauver, partner in K.D. Marine Ltd., a diving company specializing in pipeline construction. He persuaded Kefauver to give him a job as a laborer and diver. At the same time, on a ski trip, he met and quickly married his wife, Barbara Stewart. They had two daughters but have since separated (page 17). She is the daughter of J.D. Stewart, the president of Northumberland Pines Ltd. in Prince Edward Island. With his father-in-law as a co-sponsor, he borrowed \$25,000 and bought a one-third interest in K.D. Marine.

Wolf refuses to give many details on how he accumulated his wealth. In fact, even Wolf's close friends say that they are not entirely sure where his fortune originated. Said Michael McGehee, who first met Wolf at a stag party in 1968: "I can tell you that Wolf has lost and won lots of money. But I cannot for the life of me tell you where some of it came from." Wolf walked into McGehee's office the day after the stag and asked him to become his personal attorney. McGehee introduced Wolf to Capper, who in turn led him to Mulroney. But although Wolf described McGehee and Capper as "improbable, loyal, close friends," he is more reticent about Mulroney. He calls him "an associate, not a friend."

Wolf gradually assumed full control of K.D. Marine by acquiring reduced wages in return for shares in the company's first lost money, and then finally began to make a profit in 1969. He said that he was able to turn the firm around because "there were not a whole lot of diving companies in Canada, so there was business. And frankly, Kefauver is a nice man but I was a better, tougher businessman than he." Wolf has also said that he expanded operations into the Maritimes in the mid-1960s.

Skateboarder K.D. Marine expanded quickly in south-western Canada. The company, the chairman of Atlas Industries Ltd., loaned the company \$300,000 for the creation of a deep-sea diving system. Then, in 1969, Shell Canada Ltd. signed an agreement to use the system for work exploring for oil off Atlantic's west coast. In 1970 Wolf took K.D. Marine's sole money, signed a \$100-million, five-year contract with Shell for six deep-sea diving vessels.

At roughly the same time, Wolf said that he decided to turn his growing company into an international venture. As well, the company's involvement in maintaining oil rigs for companies such as Tarmac Canada Inc. had led him to develop worldwide contacts in the oil business. Afterward, he said, he obtained a contract as an energy broker for the government of Nigeria in 1971, just before the world oil crisis. Wolf purchased a tanker full of crude oil that he planned to sell himself. Then, prices suddenly skyrocketed and Wolf found himself a very rich man.

In 1972 Wolf became a tax exile from Canada, establishing a base at a villa in Lugano, Switzerland. By 1975 he had bought a ski chalet in Austria, a villa in France and a townhouse in London. Whenever possible, Wolf said, "I paid cash down on the spot. I do not like to borrow money, and I do like to be in full control of whatever I do." By 1977 he owned two Lamborghinis, a Mercedes, a Rolls-Royce, a Ferrari and a helicopter—and he added a home in Bermuda, where he established an

association with the Butterfield Rank. In 1975 Wolf invested \$1 million in establishing the Formula One Walter Wolf Racing Team, and he bought the best people and equipment available for it. His hand-built cars, sporting Canadian flag, were constructed at a factory that he built in London, England. With top-ranked South African driver Jody Scheckler at the wheel, Wolf's team stunned the racing world by immediately winning the Argentine

include other amenities, has grown to include more than 88 offices.

Throughout the 1970s Wolf kept in touch with events in his own country through a network of informants and often unexpected visits. In 1970 he appeared in Mulroney's booth at the Tory leadership convention, then he went to Capper Mulroney told that race for the leadership, and Wolf said that he sat there to be with Capper while he waited for McGehee, who was the president of the convention. He said he had "no particular preference" for who won. In 1980 Wolf met the man whom he now calls "the greatest Canadian striver in history," Pierre Trudeau. While on a trip to Europe, Trudeau was stranded by a snowstorm in a villa in Lech, Austria. The owner of a neighboring villa was another prominent Canadian, Walter Wolf. The two men met and developed an immediate rapport. Wolf, who describes himself as "an ardent free enterprise capitalist" with great admiration for President Ronald Reagan, had often told friends that he considered the Prime Minister to be a "no good socialist." But after their meeting he began to hail Trudeau as a "visionary who helped save Canada."

Since 1980 Wolf has continued to visit his holdings while maintaining the same air of mystery about many of them. He will not say how much he is worth. Some analysts have estimated his wealth to be in the hundreds of millions of dollars, but, said Wolf, "That is absurd." A more likely estimate in his personal holdings are worth between \$30 million and \$40 million, while his oil brokerage deals being in millions more. Wolf brushed off a request to list his complete holdings. "There are so many it is hard to keep track of them."

Established in 1980 he sold the British arm of his diving contracting company, K.D. Marine (U.K.) Ltd., and associated companies, to a British firm for \$8 million (U.S.). He renamed his Canadian operation Wolf Offshore Transport Ltd. The company supplies Petro-Canada with two ice-class vessels, the Seawolf 181 and Seawolf 102, which service drill rigs, lay seabeds and supply equipment for offshore drilling. Petro-Canada leases the boats at a cost of \$10,800 a day each on a four-year contract that is worth at least \$10 million. Last March Wolf became embroiled in controversy when Petro-Canada fired one of its employees, Miles Everett, who had used Wolf's 30-foot fishing boat, the Lancer. Everett had also paid the insurance premiums on the boat, which Wolf was out of the country, and Wolf said that the insurance broker mistakenly listed Everett as the registered owner because his name was on the cheque. Said Wolf, "It is true Miles is a friend and used the



McGehee opening the door to Mulroney

and Massimo Grand Prix. Later in the same year the team added a win in the Canadian Grand Prix in Mosport, Ont.

After two years and a total investment of more than \$2 million, Wolf got out of professional racing. By that time, his racing exploits—coupled with friendships formed with such stars as rock singer Rod Stewart and racing driver Jackie Stewart—gave him the personal prestige that allowed him to begin marketing a successful Wolf line of offshore loans in Europe. In the past few years the line, expanded to



Wolf with his Lamborghini and his Bell JetRanger helicopter: speed and muscle



Camp (left). Today: a complicated network, unproven allegations, mystery break-ins and big-name friends

COVER

best, but I did not get to where I am by giving boats to anybody." For his part, Bortnick pointed out that he did not do any business favors for Wolf, whom he described as a good friend.

Cooling: The biggest deal Wolf is currently working on is a \$2-billion oil brokerage arrangement with Pemex, the Mexican government-controlled oil company. Wolf said he is "very close" to persuading the government to sell 70,000 barrels of oil a day to supply an Italian refinery. Wolf, who met with Pemex and government officials in Mexico City two weeks ago, stands to make a commission of five cents a barrel. For an annual income of about \$3.3 million.

Wolf's feelings toward Canada—and especially the new Tory government—are ambivalent. He still professes a deep love for the country and he says that when he is in Europe, "the first thing I tell anyone about myself is that I am Canadian." But he adds that he is "furious and bitter" at media treatment of his relationship with the Tories. Because of the controversy, some key Tories in Ottawa have privately told the Prime Minister to distance himself from Cugger, who was once regarded as Mulroney's best friend and most trusted aide. Although Cugger still frequently speaks with Mulroney and the two men insist that their friendship is as strong as ever, one friend of both men said there has been "a definite cooling-off" between them. The friendship is now more based on their past rather than on their present.

For Wolf, who puts a high price on

friendship, that is unacceptable. He declared, "Mike [Cugger] has been the best, the most loyal and dedicated friend and associate I could have. In all my life I have only seen such devotion once before, and that is the way Mike has lived toward Mulroney. I do not think he should be rewarded by some people trying to shut him out, and I will not forgive those who are trying to do it."

That same powerful range of emotions exists over Wolf's private dealings with people. He is contemptuous of

Cugger, out of the inner circle



those whom he describes as "the kings of Westminster and Bay Street, the kind of people who think that because they are born with everything, they never have to do anything."

Breakers: Many questions concerning Wolf's business and political connections still have not been properly answered. Wolf's dispute with McLeod Young Wer will be settled in the courts, although both sides have already suffered from publicity surrounding the case. Cugger has refused to say why he identified Wolf as an anti-Clark contributor, and there has not been any subsequent evidence to link Wolf with the movement. As well, Montreal police and the courts have not been able to establish who engineered the door break-ins at the offices of Wolf and prominent local Tories.

Clearly, Wolf is convinced that any connections between him and the Tories have dried up. Now, he says, "I would not even waste my time building on a government contract. I do not need the trouble, and even if I were the best, I would not get it." He adds that he is "tired of trial by media, where they take my name, a little bit of my background, and stick it in stories that have nothing to do with me." Still, despite the controversies, his brutal feelings and his resentment toward his treatment in his adopted country, Walter Wolf says he is—and remains—"a lover and believer in Canada, the real Canada outside this kidnapping."

But even when he is thousands of miles away from the controversies and the question, seeking himself at his pole in Annapolis, the aura of mystery and power continues to shadow him. ☐

Pursuing profit at full throttle

When Walter Wolf wants to relax, he takes out his 27-foot, 700-hp, dark blue speedboat into the open water at the mouth of Annapolis Bay and sets the throttle at full. Shooting forward at over 60 m.p.h. with the spray beating against his face, Wolf is in control—and in his element. "The top speed is the most relaxing thing of all," he says. "When you are out there, with everything burning that around you, that is all there is, all you can think of. It releases me and takes my mind off other things."

plants about growing old, he shows little signs of winding down. He says he sleeps an average of 25 hours a week and is frequently awakened in the middle of the night by calls from business associates in different time zones. Wolf now has enough money, power and possessions that he no longer needs to pursue them for his personal needs. Still, he swears there are at a driven pace, regretting that he does not spend enough time with his two daughters—Wendy, 19, a university student, and Alexandra, 15, who attends a

four days of lying in the sun and doing nothing. I start to go a little crazy. It becomes time to do something."

Even in that idyllic atmosphere, where Wolf combines with such famous stars as Robert Redford, Linda Evans and Joan Collins, there are unpleasant reminders in the self-made dynasty of the need to constantly guard what he has achieved. Because of Mulroney's high crime rate, the government routinely supplies Wolf with a security agent who carries a Smith & Wesson revolver. Wolf is also licensed to carry a Walther 776 in



Wolf with one of his "boys": a defuncted Fairbairns, a married bedroom and tight security at several lavish homes

To indulge his famous passion for speed mingled with a hint of danger, Wolf keeps a variety of "boys" of almost all forms in his expensive residences around the world. He is a licensed helicopter and airplane pilot, and his fleet of cars includes a Mercedes sports coupe, a Porsche, a Lamborghini and a Ferrari. When he owned his Porsche Carrera from ten years ago, he frequently took the cars out for test drives. He says that if he had started earlier in life, "I like to think that I would have been a hell of a driver myself."

Wolf's friends say that his fondness for high-speed competition is typical of the way he approaches most things in his life. And despite his occasional com-

mercial private school. Both daughters live with their mother, Barbara—who is separated from Wolf—in the middle-class Montreal suburb of Brossardville. Wolf, who is devoted to his children, says the "one absolute, positive commitment" he adds of his wife and daughters is that they spend the Christmas holidays with him every year in Switzerland. It is the only time of the year that he escapes doing business.

Dispute: Apart from the expensive speed machines, Wolf's other addiction is to work. "For me, business is a major form of relaxation," he says. Wolf adds that his Annapolis villa, which he bought in 1980, is his "favorite place to unwind." Then he declared "After three or

a shoulder holster—although he rarely does—and in his heavily narrowed private bedrooms he says he keeps an Unsubstantiated gun.

Wolf expects his fortune with a determined Fairbairns. He is an enthusiastic and voracious eater, but he divides sparingly and claims that he has never been drunk. An avid hockey fan, he admits that former Montreal Canadiens president Dave Malen stopped giving him tickets behind the opposing team's bench at the Montreal Forum in the late 1970s because "I got so carried away and yelling that I was becoming an embarrassment."

That same depth of emotion carries over to his friendships. Wolf keeps his

relationships with women private but he is fiercely loyal to his friends and he says that he expects the same loyalty in return. "With Wolf," says Toronto lawyer Michael Mackinnon, a longtime friend, "there is no price, no bribe, and while he will do everything for you, and he will be useless if you try to do something to him." After one of his staff of four Mexican servants disappeared for an afternoon to play football without asking permission, Wolf ordered the man dismissed, with the comment, "I pay for efficiency and I expect to get it." But when Wolf discovered last year that a Canadian friend was in financial difficulties, he quietly arranged to pay off his debt of more than \$25,000.

The intimacy of Wolf's relationships is a result, he says, of his difficult childhood. His first memories were of winter vacations during the Second World War, where he occasionally saw enemy fighting. Said Wolf, "I was never linked death in the face as a child, you are never the same, and you can never stop driving as you get older." He added, "If there is one thing I have learned, it is that you do not really know anything...you only control it. And once you stop caring that control, even for a little bit at a time, you lose it all."

Power: Despite the intimacy that has been the driving force of his life, Walter Wolf says that in the past few years he has become a happy man who has learned how to savor the pleasures he has earned. Last year, when he was quoted by newspaper headlines linking his name with the "dumb Joe Clark" movement, he took his power boat out to a little rock-outcropped cove on a remote river from his Mexican home. There, about a dozen Mexican youngsters ran a makeshift restaurant on the beach, complete with aging, paint-spattered wooden chairs and tables. It is, Wolf says, his "very favorite place in the world to eat, the only place I know where you get a damn maize A's breakfast that there in your hot washed and a restful all at the same time."

Last spring, when he went there, he thought of Canada, "where I know the snow was falling, and I knew all the Conservatives and the media were getting their only hint trying to catch up with me." On that day on the beach near Acapulco, with the temperature hitting 90° C, Walter Wolf made a rare exception and broke out a bottle of Dom Perignon to have with his Swedish lunch. Said Wolf, "I decided I really had a lot of things to feel good about—era with so much ahead and so much to do." In a drive home, he said, "Walter Wolf is always in a hurry, and I never enough time to get there."
—ANTHONY WILSON-BETTMAN in Acapulco

A riddle with few clues

It has been one of the most mysterious—most possibly sinister—elements in the wake of speculation in government and media circles surrounding Walter Wolf. Since last spring a series of break-ins at the Montreal offices of prominent federal Tories and at the office of a Wolf company with Conservative connections has prompted police and made top-ranking Tories nervous. With no readily apparent motivation, unless a *Quesada* has been stolen both



Angus, unknown intruders

personal and party documents. There is no clear evidence to link the crimes. But police have not ruled out the possibility that the break-ins are part of a larger riddle. One theory which they are still pursuing is that someone is trying to discover whether Wolf was a major financial contributor to anti-Joe Clark forces prior to the Conservative 1980 leadership convention.

Last week the mystery appeared to deepen. Mackinnon's assistant told the Montreal *Mirror* of David Angus, chairman of the Progressive Conservative Canada Fund, was broken into and

robbed last March. Although Angus claimed that the break-in was not connected with the earlier robberies, the police were still exploring that possibility. Montreal police were originally alerted to the break-in at Angus's fashionable town house on March 14. Angus was on a skiing vacation when the intruders broke in and searched every room before leaving with jewelry, silverware and other valuables. Although Angus insists that no political papers were taken, a police report noted that "the suspect seemed to be searching for something specific."

Break-ins: The rash of break-ins first came to light late in September, when intruders forced their way into the Montreal office of Roger Nadeau, an old friend and communications adviser to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, and stole political documents dating back to 1978. Within a week there was another break-in at the Conservative party's Quebec headquarters, where the intruders smashed party files.

What the media has been public to Wolf, a photograph of a cheque from Wolf for \$50,000 (U.S.) was sent to the company, where Michel Coggier—a longtime associate of Mulroney, and Wolf's personal attorney—is a director. Later, the photocopy was anonymously mailed to TV's #2 public affairs program, apparently as evidence of Wolf's involvement in the anti-Clark campaign. But Wolf asserted that the money was used to buy a one-third share of *Voyagers Maritimes*. On Saturday the Montreal *Guilty* quoted an unidentified ex-convict who said that he carried out the *Voyagers* break-in as part of a private effort to uncover financial links between Wolf and the Tories. He added, however, that he was not behind the other break-ins.

His part, Angus insisted that the robbery at his home "was not political." Still, last month, when Mackinnon followed up leads into the break-in at his home, the lawyer firmly denied that he had been robbed. Then last week, after Mackinnon discovered a police report of the robbery, Angus explained that when he had first been asked "I did not even think about it [the robbery]. That was a year ago, for God's sake." The *RCMP*, which had not known about the Angus robbery until last month, then took for broke between it and the other mysterious intrusions into Tory offices.

—BRIAN WALLACE



Treasury Board President Robert de Cotret (left), Steven, encouraging foreign investment

BUSINESS/ECONOMY

Opening the border to new investment

Drinking troubled 10-year history, the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) gradually became one of the most unpopular federal agencies in Canada. Economic nationalists, who originally lauded the organization's founding, later criticized the screening agency for approving most of the applications it received from foreign investors seeking to expand in Canada.

At the same time, businessmen claimed that it was excessively intrusive, frightened off investment, and weakened the economy. Last week Industrial Expansion Minister Sinclair Stevens finally ended the rita. He introduced legislation to streamline the agency investment Canada, and he gave it a revised mandate—to encourage rather than discourage foreign investors. Dedicated Stevens, "We want to sell investments. You are welcome to come and invest in Canada, and we are open for business."

Stevens claimed that FIRA had clearly discouraged foreign investment. He added that the organization had sent "negative signals" to both domestic and foreign investors, "leading them to think that Canada is inhospitable, if not hostile, to non-Canadian investment." Under the new law, the number of applications from foreign companies subject to screening will drop by about 90 per cent. The main features of Investment Canada's mandate:

- Investments by foreigners in new Canadian businesses will no longer be automatically reviewed.
- Direct acquisitions of Canadian firms by outside interests will now only be examined if the target Canadian company has assets of over \$5 million.
- Indirect purchases, in which a foreign company gains ownership of a Canadian firm by taking over its foreign parent, will usually only be looked at if the Canadian assets involved surpass \$30 million.

Stevens also announced that the final power of decision over an investment will rest with him, rather than with the entire cabinet. Explaining that FIRA approvals were taking up as much as 30 per cent of the cabinet's time, Stevens said, "We had one where a man wanted to lease a pickup wagon selling peanuts and candy doors at the West Edmonton Mall that the entire Canadian cabinet had to decide. Can you imagine?" Stevens's plan was immediately welcomed by Canadian businessmen. Graeme Hughes, executive vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, for one, said that invest-

ment Canada "will have a real effect" on improving Canada's investment outlook. The mood was also positive in the United States, Canada's largest foreign investor. Said George Ingram, a Canadian affairs expert with the Heritage Affairs Council: "It will free up our small investors who have been scared off by rita, and things could be much freer in Congress once it is realized that Canada is reopening its economy."

But Peter Hayden, a Toronto lawyer who has frequently represented foreign applicants to FIRA and is the author of the book *Foreign Investment in Canada*, says that the completion of small companies from review could potentially prove disastrous. A large number of small Canadian-owned companies—such as those owned by firms such as, for example, a small Canadian enterprise might be forced out of business as large foreign-owned firms begin to dominate their segments of the market, he added. "Now it will be open season on them."

Still, even Canadian nationalists who had lobbied for the establishment of FIRA in the late 1960s expressed only mild criticism of its disbandment. The reason the agency had become ineffective in the first years of the Trudeau government as public support for its function waned. Meriville Watkins, a University of Toronto economist who claimed a 1960 government task force that raised public alarm over the extent of foreign ownership, said that the agency's broad mandate and lack of direction from the government contributed to its weakness. During the past year FIRA approved 97 per cent of all applications it received. Stevens said that the government will continue to protect Canadian interests in sensitive areas, including energy and culture. Said Watkins, "By the time the Mulroney government came around, there was really little else to do but change the name."

For his part, Stevens cited a University of Toronto study that showed that Canada's unemployment level will remain stable in the 1990s, and that the minister "It would raise the net net investment by 30 per cent, we would create a lot of jobs." The response of foreign businesses to the removal of FIRA will be an essential factor in testing that claim. —ANTHONY WILSON-BETTMAN in Ottawa and William Leather in Washington

The touring arms merchants

In the lobby of the Nova Scotia Hotel in Halifax last week about 100 protesters chanted songs and shouted their disapproval at a meeting taking place in the Commonwealth Room inside. But the demonstration, which resulted in the arrest of 34 peace activists, failed to disrupt the first of seven sessions between Canadian businessmen and U.S. military officials who are on a two-week cross-country trip to sell military goods here to bid for U.S. defence contracts. Despite similar protests which greeted the Americans in Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Calgary, Saskatoon and Winnipeg, more than \$400 Canadian contractors attended the meetings, eager to learn how to win a bigger share of the massive \$250-billion U.S. defence budget. Stud Douglas Finley, vice-president of Winnipeg-based Standard Aerospace Ltd., which contracts to engineer and is seeking its first U.S. military contract. "Their military procurement policies are very complex. We need to learn everything that we can."

The tour provided more evidence of the increasingly frayed relationship between Canada and the United States under the new Tory government of Brian Mulroney. U.S. Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger originally suggested



Halifax protest - a \$250-billion business

sending the team of defence specialists to Canada when he met last Oct. 4 with Canadian Defence Minister Robert Coates in Washington. Coates quickly seized the opportunity. He told Weinberger a last week that increased military exports are important for rejuvenating Canada's economic prospects. Declared Coates: "This is where the jobs are going to come from."

High profile Canadian firms such as Litton Systems Canada Ltd. of Toronto, which provides the guidance system for the cruise missile, already have lucrative contracts with the Pentagon. But dozens of other firms are eager to supply everything from bullets to snowshoes. Experts agree that all together the Canadians plan to increase the current \$6-billion defence budget by three per cent per year after taking inflation into account. Canada's defence sector must rely on exports for its economic health. Canada exported \$1.6 billion worth of defence goods in 1983, with \$1.2 billion of that going to the United States.

In theory, Canadian companies have an edge over their foreign rivals in selling to the United States. The 25-year-old Defence Production Sharing Arrangement (DPSA) weakens "bar barriers" contract requirements for made-in-Canada products and allows duty-free trade in defence goods across the border. But in practice the market is much more difficult to penetrate. U.S. laws that reserve a portion of defence spending for small U.S. businesses have significantly hampered Canadian sales. Said Alec Bishop, vice-president of the Aerospace Industries Association of Canada: "We would like to see Canada exempted from this protectionist legislation."

As well, the U.S. military is reluctant to purchase or develop defence goods using high-technology equipment invented outside the United States.

Peace activists argue that increased defence exports will also create many new jobs for Canadians. Declared Halifax protester Gillian Thomas, an English professor at the city's Saint Mary's University: "Much of the work is capital- and not labour-intensive." But industry spokesmen counter that the development of profitable military technology also leads to job-producing commercial applications. Said Gerry Rutledge, president of Toronto-based Aeroflex Ltd., which sells the U.S. Navy device for landing and securing helicopters on ship decks and which is now developing commercial products: "If not for our military contracts, our engineering group would be much smaller." Still, in their effort to cash in as the U.S. military spending booms, Canadian defence suppliers will continue to face not only trade barriers but vocal opposition from protest groups as well.

—MICHAEL SALTER

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BUSINESS WATCH

The Greening of political Berlin

By Peter C. Newman

Berlin, which has always lived up to its reputation as the most visible and most sensitive barometer of East-West relations, is about to trigger a revolution in German politics—and Christian consciousness.

Recent polls reveal that the Alternative List, a vibrant coalition of local Green Party adherents that encompasses protesters of every shade and inclination, is at the verge of assuming the balance of power in local elections, due in March 1990.

That trend, as distinct as it may seem, combined with the Maloney government's welcome rat for foreign investment, could have a major impact on Canada by attracting a gusher of flight capital from worried West Germans anxious to move their money out before the Greens achieve similar status in the federal parliament at Bonn.

Ever since Berlin became the capital of the modern German Empire in 1871, the city has been at the leading edge of German society in its cultural, economic, military, scientific and political couplings. At the moment the Berlin civic government is composed of 48 per cent Social Democrats (SPD), 26 per cent Social Democrats (SPD), 12 per cent Alternative List (AL) members and 6.5 per cent Liberals (FDP). Indications are that the FDP will be wiped out next spring and the most authoritative samplings of public opinion give the Alternative 14 per cent of the vote. In the strange calculus of Berlin politics, that almost guarantees the formation of an informal coalition between the Alternatives and the SPD, with the Social Democrats actually governing but the Berlin version of the Greens setting much of the ideological agenda.

The AL now holds nine seats in the Berlin House, and during a recent visit to that intriguing city I spent part of a day with the party's most articulate parliamentarian, Uwe Teitz. A 37-year-old former taxi driver, locksmith and elevator operator who runs a modest current agency, Teitz is a street-smart intellectual who launches his radical rhetoric with a Tommy Douglas twinkle, his dark jaw jacket itself by his bright yellow scarf. He is charming and he is not all that radical, but there is little doubt that he and his coalition of dissidents are determined to grab power.

Slipping a capuccino at a student hangout called the Kaiserhof College, he told me: "The only difference be-

tween us and the Greens is that we are more radical. They are pledged to nonviolence but we say that if we get into situations where resistance is necessary—against atomic crisis and nuclear power stations, for example—we will use it. We want to turn Europe into a nuclear-free zone and agree with the Palme Commission that it must start here with both parts of Germany. The continued balance of terror hardly qualifies as a viable policy."



Teitz is poised to make Germany nuclear-free.

Teitz and his comrades are promoting the idea of twinning villages and small towns on both sides of the Berlin Wall to pass resolutions forbidding atomic weapons on their territories. "We represent a new generation of Germans with no loyalty to either of the superpowers," he says. "We accept the presence of the occupying powers in West Berlin but don't grant them any authority over local issues. The charge that we have been infiltrated by Communists flows from the weakness of our party. It started with the student opposition of the

late 1960s. Out of that, came the German Greens. Then came the women's liberation and peace movements and out of all that came the Greens and the Alternative List. Originally, we wanted to have one foot in parliament and one foot in the streets, where we maintain a movement and not a party. That issue is still to be resolved. I think we need to move inside parliament but we can't lose our populist roots."

The reason Teitz is important is that he represents a new generation of Germans who feel no particular loyalty or loyalty for either of the superpowers. (More than half of West Germany's population was born after the end of the Second War.) His political movement is centered not on having any leadership hierarchy and few identifiable policies. The AL advocates particularly democracy independent of formal leadership structures. They may not have a written platform, but they do champion solutions they want to abolish taxes on police transportation to cut down the number of private cars in Berlin and turn high-tech companies into self-financed collectives, and they believe that industrialization must inevitably give way to environmental considerations.

At the federal level, similar ideas have landed the Greens to holding 27 seats in Bonn. Their strength has recently been multiplying exponentially because they are the only party untouched by the political perfid scandals involving the Frankfurt billionaire industrialist Friedrich Eberhard Flick.

Peter Kelly, the 35-year-old stepdaughter of a U.S. Army officer and former Communist Market bureaucrat who originally helped to organize the Greens, has lost support because she won't follow her own party statutes and give up her parliamentary seat on the rotating basis demanded of her other colleagues. But she continues her radical crusades and claims to be militantly opposed to coalition with the Social Democrats.

West Berlin may be the exception. "Of course the Alternative List harbors many romantics and fanatics, but they are the sons and daughters of the German middle class and are expressing legitimate anger," I was told by Klaus Biffert, a leading Berlin area power broker. "Because of scandals like the Flick affair, the Greens have to do very little but wait. As Social Democrats we feel pretty helpless. Nobody expected such a dramatic change in our political landscape. Nobody."

Lingering terror in Bhopal

By Pat Oshende

Many died in their sleep. But for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other residents of the central Indian city of Bhopal—awakened after midnight by pestering, awful fumes or the screams of neighbors—death came as agony hours or even days later. The reason: a deadly gas, methyl isocyanate, leaking from a nearby Union Carbide pesticide plant, literally boiled in the eyes, nasal passages and lungs of victims, causing excruciating pain and eventual death by asphyxiation. By week's end, the worst industrial accident in history had killed nearly 2,000 people, blinded 20,000 more and affected as many as 200,000 other victims with damage to their eyes, lungs, livers, kidneys and nervous systems.

Anger: As 3,700 medical personnel at three hospitals in the city of 800,000 struggled to cope with the throngs of wounded and dying, as construction cranes removed the desecrating bodies of stills and water buffalo and as mass funeral pyres burned, horror rapidly turned to anger. Police at the state of Madhya Pradesh arrested Warren Anderson, the chief executive officer of Union Carbide Corp., the U.S.-based multinational firm, when he arrived in Bhopal to investigate the accident. At week's end, in Charleston, W. Va., three lawyers suing for two Bhopal residents who had relatives killed by the gas filed a \$15-billion negligence suit against Union Carbide. And around the world, individual communities looked at potentially dangerous chemical plants in their midst with fresh concern.

Last week's leak was not the first indication of danger at the Bhopal plant, which is owned by a Union Carbide subsidiary and managed jointly by Indian personnel. Unlike a so-called "mother plant" in Institute, W. Va., near Charleston, which has never had a gas leak in its 25-year history, the Bhopal factory, which manufactures pesticides for sale in India and East Asia, has had several serious accidents since it began producing pesticides seven years ago. In December, 1985, a plant operator died after he asphyxiated to remove work clothes sprayed by phosgene, a deadly gas used by Germany in the First World War, and is precursor to methyl isocyanate. Then, two weeks after that fatality, another gas leak seriously injured 24 workers, although all survived. And in October, 1982, when a third gas leak



occurred, several workers were hurt in the stampede to safety.

After these incidents, opposition members of the Madhya Pradesh state legislative assembly urged the government to close the plant. But the state government refused, arguing that the state could not afford to close an operation that employed 1,000 workers. Deemed Madhya Pradesh Labor Minister Tars Singh Nirwa in December, 1982: "Bhopal is safe and will be safe."

Panic: Although Union Carbide officials estimate that it will take several weeks to establish the causes of last week's tragedy, some details of the plant's operation that night are known. Unskilled workers were cleaning the

boots—designed to sterilize any gas that might leak—full to work. Shortly after the accident, Union Carbide officials at company headquarters in Tarrytown, Conn., claimed that the Bhopal plant was different in any way from its sister plant in the United States. But they later revealed that they had decided to install sophisticated, computerized early-warning systems at the Indian operation. Jackson Browning, the firm's corporate director of health, safety and environmental affairs, said that the "insufficient availability of backup systems and spare parts" in India did not warrant installing the equipment.

Although the direct cause of the leak was not apparent, its effects were quick-

as the floors of overcrowded hospitals and clinics, plants and trees appeared shriveled and yellow, and thousands of animals coughed, fittered pastures and streets. And when local authorities broke down shutters that occupants had locked the night before, they found still more victims—those who had tried to shelter themselves from the poison but instead found their windows turned into gas chambers. An survivor mangled in the overcrowded hospital or swept and groined by the hands of dead, others began placing fly-covered bodies into mass graves or onto the piles of rotting supplies of firewood run out. Two of Bhopal's residents were untouched by what local workers are calling "devil's



Survivors (left), funeral pyre: world fumes, sparking death and compensation demands for victims of a poisonous gas leak.

outside of the partly buried storage tank when its contents—15 tons of liquid methyl isocyanate—vaporized and escaped. But no qualified engineers were on duty at the factory, and when the alarm sounded workers panicked and fled. The chairman of India's Central Water and Air Pollution Board, Dr. M. V. Chaudhary, in New Delhi, said that the situation was like "having an atom bomb and asking kids to play with it."

As well as the evident human failure and failure, numerous technical questions surrounded the tragedy. Why did the temperature and pressure inside the tank rise rapidly, causing the gas to spew out? Why did the tank's "scrub-

by" and "kilojoule" clear. About 3 a.m., as the terrified workers, wearing respirator masks, fled from the plant, a giant, mushroom-shaped cloud of poison gas from the defective tank floated toward the city. It struck first in the slums, towns that had sprung up near the plant, seeping into this-walled hovel, built of dead mud, tin and wood, and lifting hundreds as they slept. Hundreds more—lowering their homes and the bodies of their dead relatives behind—ran out into the dark, coughing and vomiting, their eyes streaming from the poison's effect.

The full horror was revealed at dawn: the dying lay side by side with the dead

right." Deirdre Indira Jyngar, the chairman of Mother Theresa's Missionaries of Charity. "Many people are still asking me to explain what cause is the night and blinded them and killed their families."

Canas: The future for those survivors—and for their city—is bleak because authorities expect that as many as 1,000 more people may die from poisoning and thousands more may never regain their sight. As well, doctors fear that there will be other long-term effects among those irreparable damage to body organs—and perhaps an epidemic of cancer. Surviving the devastation, Indian Prime Minister Rajiv

Gandhi, who broke off his election campaign to visit Bhopal hospital, declared, "We will ask Union Carbide to pay compensation."

In fact, Indian officials acted quickly to reinforce that claim against the company. Within hours of the gas leak, local police had placed five top officers at the plant under house arrest. And after they arrested Anderson three days later, they charged him and two Indian colleagues with same offenses, including criminal conspiracy, culpable homicide not amounting to murder, making the

440 on the eve of the disaster. And in West Virginia, Union Carbide closed part of an almost identical petrochemical plant until the Indian government filed charges in recognition of the Bhopal leak. Declared Raja Samant, an 18-year-old student at West Virginia State College: "This incident in India brings it home, doesn't it? Here in the valley we are producing something that can kill a thousand people, and I can see this plant from my classroom window."

Fears: Indeed, throughout the world the Bhopal disaster raised new fears

concern to developing nations as rural families stream into the cities in a desperate search for jobs—contributed to the scale of the disasters in Mexico and India. And last week the United Nations Environment Program, based in Nairobi, Kenya, urged governments to recognize that urban populations in developing countries will continue to expand. Declared UNEP deputy executive director J.C. Wabwire: "Potentially hazardous chemicals or manufacturing plants should be sited away from existing or planned urban areas."

instead of maintaining safety standards common to North America and Western Europe. Said Subha Lal Panay, the secretary of the Indian National Trade Union Congress: "It is cheaper to defy safety precautions than to observe them." He described India's cooperation, losses as "outstanding" and he noted that, under a 1983 act, the dependence of a worker killed on the job would now receive only \$5,300. The act does not specify how much a company must pay if it is found responsible for the death of a nonemployee. Added Castleman: "Life

that only the First World can afford."

This is the case in Brazil, for one, where for the past decade the military government has welcomed any multinational industries that would provide exports and where last February a pipeline leak in an area filled with chemical plants led to an explosion that killed 500 and left 9,000 homeless. Said Jeffrey Leonard, a senior associate with the Conservation Foundation, a Washington-based nonprofit public policy think tank: "A Third World government will persuade a multinational to build a

Currently, the European Community's so-called "Seveso Directive" provides strict regulations for the production, handling and transportation of 180 dangerous substances and, for the first time, makes industries responsible for damage outside national borders.

Horrors: In India there are signs of similar changes. For one thing, Gandhi, after his tour of Bhopal last week, vowed that no new production facilities for dangerous chemicals would be allowed in densely populated areas. For another, Passage of the Trade Union Congress



Gandhi, Union Carbide plant, arrests, revelations of "double standards" and rows of no new dangerous factories



Survivors looking for relatives; a woman blinded by gas (below); crowded hospitals and lingering illnesses

atmosphere poisonous to health and causing death by negligence.

Outside the greenhouse 300 protesters marched, some carrying placards that read "Hanging Anderson." The arrest and detention were the strongest actions ever undertaken by the Indian government against the head of a multinational company, but the confinement of the Union Carbide chairman was brief: Six hours after his detention, Anderson was free on \$250,000 bail (his 1983 salary: \$1.1 million) and under orders from the government to leave the country. Explained Madhya Pradesh state's director of information, Radhi Bhanu Singh: "His presence might provide strong passions against him, and we do not consider his presence in this country desirable."

Tragedy: Besides Anderson's arrest, the Bhopal disaster had other effects as Union Carbide. On Dec. 7, thousands of miles from the scene of the tragedy, the company's shares in the New York Stock Exchange went into the steepest decline of all time, closing at just under \$37 (U.S.) a share, down from \$100

and recalled earlier industrial accidents (page 36). Some officials, including one who works for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency in Washington, argued that a similar disaster could happen almost anywhere. Declared Hugh Kaufman, assistant to the director of the EPA's hazardous site division: "It is just that we have been lucky enough not to have communities wiped out." He added that chemical spills in the United States are "routine."

Still, the greatest concern was in underdeveloped countries. The reason the Bhopal catastrophe occurred only two weeks after another disaster caused by one of the worst gas explosions in history—at a gas-gate depot on the outskirts of Mexico City. That explosion killed 482 people, most of which were buried before recognition. In the fire that swiftly followed the blast, in Bhopal, as in the poor Mexico neighborhood, the scenes of death and grief were excruciatingly similar.

Clearly, high population density around hazardous industries on two different continents—a pattern that is

Nazi: But other experts leveled more serious charges at multinational corporations, among the giant companies—some with capital assets greater than the gross national products of some developing countries—of taking advantage of lower safety regulations in the Third World. Said Jorge Mena, an economic sociologist at the University of Quebec in Montreal: "Health and safety rules in Third World countries are much more relaxed. Many of the multinationals, especially in Third World countries, are less careful than they are at home." For his part, U.S. environmental consultant Barry Castleman, who has long criticized a "double standard" in safety in the developed and developing countries, said: "Safety measures are, unfortunately, weaker training and drills to make sure the safety equipment works all the time—and time is money. There are plants all over the world waiting to blow up."

In third worlds, such observers argue, it may be cheaper for multinationals to risk compensating Third World victims of chemical spills, fires and explosions

is cheap in India as it is in most developing countries."

Lawless: But officials at Union Carbide headquarters in Connecticut disagreed, maintaining that they would fairly compensate the surviving relatives of those who died in Bhopal. Indeed, some observers said that multinationals alone are not to blame for

accidents in Third World facilities. Said Larry Huns, the director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, a clearing house for information on Latin America in Washington, D.C.: "Fleeting rumors from the Third World actively seek some industries because they know the developed world does not want them but needs their products. It is a way of attracting exports. They may quite openly that environmental and safety concerns are laudable

chemical plant and will promise that an infrastructure will follow. Almost invariably, the infrastructure is never built. There are no proper railroads or highways or even fire departments. Emergency procedures are not developed. Toxic chemicals are transported over damaged rail beds or on winding, narrow roads in deteriorated trucks. In this way, all of the dangers are compounded."

Damages: In the wake of the Bhopal tragedy—especially if the \$10-billion lawsuit is even partly successful—multinationals and the developing countries that invite them in may be forced to make changes in industrial and environmental safety in Europe. A chemical plant explosion in Seveso, Italy, in 1976 which released dioxin gas into residential areas (without loss of life) forced such changes.

ated that current safety laws are hopelessly out of date, leaving the safety procedures that most accompany new technologies up to multinationals and their Indian subsidiaries. How soon India—as other developing nations—will make those changes remains uncertain. Still, Leonard of the Conservation Foundation says that the graphic horrors of Bhopal might goad governments into making them. Said Leonard: "It takes disasters like this one in India to force people into action."

In Bhopal at week's end, although many of the city's shops had reopened, life was in chaos. More victims continued to die, tumors continued swelling afloat, and hundreds of animal carcasses remained to be moved. And the blind still stumbled through the littered streets, searching for relatives and trying to comprehend the horror that engulfed their stricken city.

With Anup Bhopal in New Delhi, David Sillit in Toronto, David Nisbet in London, Peter Lewis in Brussels and William Leach in Washington.



The growing list of chemical disasters

Usually, they amount to fleeting reports. Only when they happen close to home, or when the death toll reaches truly appalling proportions, do we take notice of disasters. Often they are earthquakes and unrelated earthquakes, tornadoes, flash floods. But throughout the 20th century, a new breed of frighteningly similar and largely preventable accidents—involving hazardous chemicals—has claimed thousands of lives. Although last week's tragic accident in Bhopal, India, reinforced the widespread suspicion that such events are most likely to occur in the Third World, major chemical disasters are equally familiar in Europe and North America. Sen. Anthony Muscarelli, former vice-president of the Denver, Colo.-based Olin Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union.

"The potential for chemical disaster is far more in developed countries than it is in the Third World."

Take The most potentially devastating chemical disaster occurred in Seveso, Italy, during the summer of 1976, when a valve failure similar to the one that devastated Bhopal released a cloud of trichlorophenyl gas, contaminating about five pounds of highly toxic dioxin. Authorities evacuated all nearby residents and sent 30 to hospital. Two weeks later, hundreds of wild and domestic animals that had grazed in the 175-acre contaminated zone died. In Canada, a similar disaster was narrowly averted when a Canadian Pacific freight train derailed at Mississauga, Ont., in 1976, leading to a rupture in a tank car carrying highly toxic chlorine gas. The lack of a major leak allowed authorities time to evacuate 320,000 nearby residents.

But there was no time to evacuate the 450 Mexican city-dwellers who died when a government-owned oil-lubricated petroleum gas storage tank exploded in their neighborhood last month. The disaster injured an additional 4,288 people, forced the evacuation of 100,000 and left 16,000 homeless. Another 564 died earlier this year in a similar explosion in Colombia. Finally, exposed by a malfunction of pipelines carrying gas through an industrial neighborhood, the accident obliterated 84 acres of the shantytown and left 9,000 homeless. One of the most gruesome accidents occurred during 1973 in the seaside town of San Carlos de la Rapa in Spain, when a huge tanker truck barreled out of control, spilling flaming propane gas over bathers on a crowded beach. Those who attempted to extinguish the flames by leaping into the sea only worsened their fates. Although there, 110 died and north-

or 350 suffered serious burns.

Despite its horror, a list of the most spectacular recent chemical accidents does not accurately reflect the scope of the threat. Smaller incidents are sometimes even more deadly. After a leak of phosphine gas (closely related to the gas released in Bhopal) incapacitated 506 workers at a Continental Oil

still wind prevented the gas from reaching a hospital.

The threat of chemical disaster looms larger in developed countries, according to Muscarelli, because of the practice of locating several plants close together in large complexes. Through a chain reaction, a small spill at one plant could incapacitate workers responsible for



Mississauga derailment: "A greater potential for disaster in developed countries"

Company refinery in Louisiana. Muscarelli began monitoring press reports of major accidents in the United States. He declared: "Most of them involved spills from trucks and railcars, usually with a few dozen people injured or killed here and there. At the end of six months I had a certainty of things."

Dangerous Indeed, luck has played a large part in the prevention of major tragedy during several recent accidents. Last October in Linden, N.J., an American Cyanamid Inc. plant contained a leak similar to the one in Bhopal that released a 4,000-gallon cloud of concentrated malachite, a dangerous insecticide, which drifted over Staten Island, N.Y. And an accident in a Bauxite Canada Ltd. pulp mill near the northwestern Ontario town of Port Francaux last November produced an even deadlier cloud of chlorine gas. Authorities evacuated all 8,900 residents, and only a

controlling dangerous reactions at a neighboring plant, leading to a fallow season. Western intelligence agencies speculate that this is exactly what happened last May in the town of Severomorsk, 1,600 km north of Moscow, when a still-unexploded accident exploded off a series of explosions which killed at least 280 and destroyed a large Soviet arsenal. Said Muscarelli: "No one has thought about these kinds of chain reactions. What would have happened if Bhopal was part of a complex?"

Because of the lengthy record of chemical disasters and near-disasters that have occurred in North America, the question is a pertinent one. Indeed, the scope of the threat challenges the powers of human imagination. Said Muscarelli: "With these chemicals, anything that can happen, will happen."

—John Barzant, with Gene Silbert, and William Lonsdale in Washington.

ARGENTINA

Meeting the challenge of democracy

Inflation is running at a staggering 700 per cent a year. The nation's foreign debt—\$4 billion—is simply unpayable. In their barracks the Argentine military grows restless, eager to dislodge a reputation stained by the 1982 loss of the Falkland Islands to Great Britain. In the streets militant labor unions march for more jobs and better pay, while human rights activists demand justice for the 3,000 victims of the former military junta's so-called "dirty war" against left-wing terrorism. Beaten on all sides, Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín this week celebrates his first anniversary in power—still in control, but profoundly shaken.

A symbol of democracy on a troubled continent, Alfonsín's Radical party was an upset election victory last year over the rival Peronists, ending eight years of repressive military dictatorship. And despite Argentina's authoritarian traditions and the formidable array of problems Alfonsín inherited, the 51-year-old lawyer continues to enjoy enormous popularity. Said Adolfo Gass, Radical chairman of the Senate from 1982 to 1985: "Alfonsín has shown that not only is he a good politician but a good statesman who is doing his best to pull the country out of the chaos it is in."

Alfonsín's political stock soared last last month with the signing of a formal peace treaty between Chile and Argentina. The accord, inspired by Vatican mediation, ended a century-old dispute over three islands in the Beagle Channel at the southern tip of South America. The pact gave the island to Chile but honors Argentina's claims to adjacent territorial waters. Voters approved the draft treaty by 71.6 per cent in a national referendum, roundly rejecting the Peronist call to boycott the ballot and simultaneously declaring confidence in Alfonsín's democratic rule.

But Alfonsín's success in foreign affairs has not been matched at home. A campaign pledge to bring the nation's money down to two digits has failed miserably. And despite a year-long refusal to impose harsh austerity measures, Buenos Aires recently yielded to pressure from the International Monetary Fund, agreeing to a series of economic reforms designed to cut public spending. Inflation, the peso and wage rates (last week that herd-won 167 agreement) provided the government with some essential breathing space: foreign creditor banks consented to restructure \$3.6 billion of Argentina's \$45-billion foreign debt. The banks also agreed to extend \$5.5 billion

in fresh loans, temporarily ending a severe crisis in Argentina's balance of payments.

The ill-ordered money restrictions have already begun to cool the nation's inflationary furnace—the November index slowed to slightly less than 300 per cent—but opposition leaders contend

that the social costs may outweigh the long-term benefits of reform. With austerity may come mass unemployment and high unemployment. Even if that scenario fails to unfold, Peronist party spokesman Dante Lora predicts that Alfonsín's policies will eventually hamstring his Lacer. "When businessmen realize they



Argentine soldiers. Afterward kidnappings, economic crisis and a naive military



are losing money and when workers realize they have not gotten the right cost of pay increases that Alfonsín's program, the problems will start over again."

At the same time, Argentines are still awaiting the first conviction against one former military junta member accused of human rights violations. After he assumed office last December, Alfonsín established a special government inquiry—the National Commission on the Disappearance of Persons—to investigate the kidnappings, torture and murder of 8,900 Argentines during the junta's war against left-wing guerrillas from 1976 to 1983. Last month commission officials published *Never Again*, a chilling account of an nine-month investigation. According to the report, many victims were detained and tortured at some of the 200 clandestine camps set up around the country. Indeed, the testimony of witnesses was so shocking that some typewriters working on the book burst when they read the accounts of torture. One inmate testified that camp guards "put me on a table, tied me up and patiently began to

peel the skin off the soles of my feet. I suppose they used a razor blade or a scalpel." On a second occasion, "they took me to the 'operating room' and began to twist my testicles."

But the effort to prosecute senior military leaders, as well as 1,200 junior officers implicated in the report, has stalled. Shortly after taking office, Ali Akbari ordered the Supreme Military Tribunal to put the suspects members on trial. The judges heard evidence but never issued a ruling. And last month, protesting "the campaign against military prestige," the entire tribunal resigned. Now, the cases are awaiting a Supreme Court decision on whether civilian courts can constitutionally try the accused. Warm Augusto Conte, a Christian Democratic legislator and human rights activist, said, "If we don't take the required action, we run the serious risk that people will take justice into their own hands."

The military itself is impatient with what it believes are public efforts to its dignity. In recent weeks supporters have given increasingly defensive about its conduct during the dirty war. Last month, at a memorial mass organized for soldiers killed by leftist guerrillas in the 1970s, a priest lashed out at "the enemies of democracy" and called on the military "to take up spiritual and material arms to fight back."

These remarks sent shock waves through the nation and revived fears that, despite his good intentions, the military remains beyond Alfonsín's control. To keep Argentina fast on its democratic course, Alfonsín is determined not to provide the armed forces. As a result, critics contend, he is reluctant to press for the conviction of those who planned and executed the dirty war. Rightist Eduardo Duhalde, head of Buenos Aires' Centre for Legal and Social Studies, Alfonsín "does not want to irritate the military by punishing too hard. After 50 years of coups, the military is just not democratic."

As he enters his second year in office, Alfonsín's principal asset remains his own charisma and integrity. A powerful orator, he has won the respect and hopes of millions. But whether that will be enough to pull his government through the difficult first years that he should not crumble him to hard power is an added suspense remains to open question. And the scene of forbidding that has descended on the country suggests that in their hearts many feel he will fail. His admirers are more optimistic. "The era of military coups is behind us," says Jorge Riquelme, under secretary of the interior. "Our democracy still has many problems. But people have finally realized that there is no alternative."

—JAMES NELSON

DECEMBER 1982/ENR 11



Heck scene: unruly demands, systematic executions and mounting Arab pressure

IRAN

Deadly standoff in Tehran

A Kuwait Airbus A-300 sat on the tarmac at Tehran's Mehrizand Airport last week, wired with explosives. Inside, four Lebanese Shiite Muslims held 161 terrified passengers at gunpoint—and several Arab governments at bay. Demanding the release of 17 terrorists jailed in Kuwait, the hijackers threatened to kill their hostages and blow up the aircraft. Their determination was clear even as negotiations began, one American diplomat was murdered. As the talks dragged on over five terror-filled days, 149 passengers were freed, among them several Canadians. But another three were killed, and 18 were remained captive, including two Americans and three Kuwaitis. Herded together in the plane's front cabin, they were bound hand and foot and smacked for execution.

The drama began on Dec. 4, shortly after the aircraft left Dubai on a scheduled flight from Kuwait to Karachi, Pakistan. Diverted to the Iranian capital, the Arab hijackers—linked to Muslim extremist groups which earlier carried out suicide bombings in Kuwait on Western embassies in the Middle East—demanded meetings with senior Kuwaiti officials. Kuwait swiftly dispatched a high-ranking delegation, including ambassadors. But shortly after they arrived, Charles Hagos, an employee of the U.S. Agency for International Development, was forced out the front cabin door with his arms raised and was shot six times in the back. The second victim, an unidentified Kuwaiti, was overboard on a radio hookup pleading for his life. "I am

a Muslim, a Muslim," he screamed. The appeal was unsuccessful.

The full list of the hijackers' demands was not made public, but at a minimum they wanted Kuwait to release 17 mujahideen (freedom fighters) convicted of attacks on U.S., French and Kuwaiti installations in December, 1982. Prior to their trials, Kuwaiti officials said al-Shabaab (Shabanah Coll.) a Palestinian Shiite sect seeking to establish an Iranian-style regime in Iraq, had planned the bombings. Indeed, a U.S. state department official last week said daily that the hijackers were "connected with the Iranian-sponsored terror network in Lebanon and elsewhere." And President Ronald Reagan pointedly told a news conference that officials in Tehran had "not been as helpful to us they could be in this situation or, I think, as they should have been."

The Iranians blamed Kuwait for not using all the means available to end the crisis peacefully. Paradoxically, they also accused the Kuwaitis of blocking any attempt to storm the plane with troops. Kuwaiti denied the charge, and the Kuwaiti parliament, meeting Saturday in an emergency session, endorsed the government's refusal to meet the hijackers' demands, calling on Iran to "seriously intervene." Kuwait also appealed to other Arab governments to use their influence in Tehran to end the affair. But as dawn broke Sunday morning the plane was still parked on the runway, and the fate of the hostages hung precariously in the balance.

—ALAN BELL

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EUROPE

The community under stress

Outside, under the clear autumn skies of Dublin, Irish police set up elaborate roadblocks as part of an intensive security system. Inside, behind Dublin Castle's granite walls, leaders of the European Community struggled last week to remove a roadblock of their own: the terms of 60 membership for Spain and Portugal, scheduled to join the 16-nation club on Jan. 1, 1986. Theoretically, admitting the new members would expand markets and add to Europe's cohesion. Only a week earlier, community foreign ministers had failed to find a formula for slowing wine production and reducing a price-depressing surplus, the main stumbling block to the entry of the two Iberian countries. But during 36 hours of intense negotiations in Dublin, Europe's heads of government settled the wine issue and several less-contentious problems as well. Such a relaxed Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald. "A doubt remains but it does not hold up the process, which would have been tragic."

The doubt was injected by Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu of Greece, who dispelled the anxiety in a series of attacks by threatening to veto Spanish and Portuguese membership. Stating on a question of EC development aid for poorer southern member countries, Papandreu demanded as much as \$6.2 billion for Greece and Italy over the next five years in return for voting for EC expansion. The extra subsidies, he argued, would help to compensate Mediterranean farmers who will compete with Iberian exports.

Papandreu's colleague was Irish Vice-Chancellor Helmut Kohl described the Greek demand as "a lady cross." British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher dismissed it as "totally out of the question." And FitzGerald himself acknowledged that the Greek claim (over "a new surplus of doubt" over Iberian membership, because a unanimous vote is required to grant admissions. But Papandreu agreed only to delay his veto until next March. Conceded FitzGerald: "We are very far apart."

Until Papandreu's dramatic intervention, the government heads had achieved a rare degree of harmony. At formal sessions in St. Patrick's Hall, draped with the banners of Ireland's ancient heraldic sought, they successfully resolved a series of problems, including the setting of guidelines for increased co-operation on economic policy. They also endorsed proposals for greater EC budgetary discipline, limiting later divisions that had threatened to

handicap the community earlier this year. Most significantly, over a dinner of roast pheasant endorsed with Chairman Mario Barroso, they agreed on measures to drain the community's sea of surplus wine—enough to fill 16,000 Olympic size swimming pools.

That surplus, and the prospect of adding more from Iberia's vineyards, threatened the admission of Spain and Portugal. But in a heroic presentation effort (FitzGerald) toured European capitals with a compromise plan accepted in Dublin. The core of his proposal: when production exceeds consumption by six per cent, vineyards will be required to divert excess production into industrial alcohol.

The wine solution, however, threatened to strain the EC budget, as did Papandreu's demands. And community leaders expressed opposition to the budget discipline proposals from European parliamentarians, meeting this week in Strasbourg. Even more controversy surrounded an Irish plan for greater political unity. The summiters also agreed the issue last week, deferring action on a call for a special conference on European union until March. The issues that the government leaders reached were expensive. The problems remaining are formidable.

By Tim Neume in London
with Brenda Korman in Dublin



FitzGerald: a new shadow of doubt

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RAMIFICATION

Bracing for a new assault

The rainy season has arrived in Southeast Asia, and with it have come rumors of a major offensive by Vietnamese forces in Kancheng Hanoi's seasonal target is the scattered Kmer Rouge guerrilla bases along the Thailand border. Already, Vietnamese troops have made repeated thrusts at Nong Chai, a stronghold of the Khmer Rouge in the border region, forcing 20,000 civilians to flee. Currently thousands of Vietnamese soldiers are reported to be massing opposite EPRF headquarters at Ampel in the Thai capital, Bangkok, premeditated rumors of air fighting are as regular as the winter monsoons—or so the shifts in regional power houses think. The difference this year is that the Vietnamese are also coming in from the north. Vietnam's

Some say the Vietnamese army high command is urging an attack on the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea — the enemy, US-backed ally of former premier Son Sann, former head of state Norodom Sihanouk and Pol Pot, leader of the Chinese-backed Communist Khmer Rouge. Often at war with each other, the three factions are trying to oust the Kampuchean government of Heng Samrin, installed after Vietnam overthrew Pol Pot's regime in 1979.

But a major advance might carry the 180,000-strong Vietnamese army deep into Laos across the Thai border, becoming renewed criticism from the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN), which supports the coalition. More significantly, Chinese officials say privately that if Vietnam crosses the Thai border, China will strike back against Vietnam.

Beih H. Chen has sent about \$300 million to clean roads and repair roads along the Thai border. Against the threat of attack, the United States, Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore recently formed a committee to avert aid to the two neo-Communist groups within the LRRP. As well, an estimated \$7 million in covert funding is supplied by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. China recently shipped Tai Pao's forces enough weapons to supply 5,000 Kampuchean guerrillas.

Despite the aid, the guerrillas are vastly outnumbered, poorly equipped and reliant on static defensive tactics. If this year's run-in of war materializes, the guerrillas and their supporters could be facing their final defeat.

—PALL-GUTH-JUDGE in Bengali

GLOBAL NOTES

Refurbishing NATO



Control a unique threat



Crestor's nation threat

able to rely for a longer period on conventional weapons before missing the so-called nuclear threshold. The organization plans to modernize air bases, command-and-control posts and storage sites. For his part, Gen. Deane Morrison Robert Quain pledged to commit at least 6,000 troops to Canada's armed forces. Added to this was what he indicated that there is a serious threat to Western Alliance.

Sending a message

The first of the arrested read like pages from a black Who's Who: Congressman Walter Fauntroy, Ronald D. and Patricia Mitchell, comedian Dick Gregory, and Y. King, daughter of the slain civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr. Indeed, since Nov. 22, when demonstrators first gathered in front of the White House, thousands of people have been briefly detained. The presence of that President Ronald Reagan's policy of "constructive engagement" constituted 1401 approval of Pretoria's racial segregation (apartheid) and the withholding of financial rights from the nation's black majority. The strategy, last week declared its approach, argued that the United States should diplomatically pressure the white South African government to provide remedies for blacks in South Africa. "Let's be clear about this," said Chester Crocker, assistant secretary for African affairs. "Constructive engagement is embracing of any status quo." The President, Crocker reminded apartheid "represents a South African apartheid, not a South African apartheid." The 1984 Nobel Peace Prize for Reagan's policy as "moral, evil and totally anti-African" during an appearance before a congressional panel. At the end, as the group began to congregate across the State House, Reagan met Tuma personally at the White House. The President declared that Pretoria's release of 11 jailed black leaders was the result of "five engagements."

Hussein's peace plan

Jordan's King Hussein stood before a packed Puharim Gazebo last week and, to the surprise of his audience, named the 1978 Camp David Accords between Israel and Egypt. The historic U.S.-sponsored treaty ended more than 30 years of war between the two nations. Hussein's speech in Cairo cited the failure of the process to settle the status of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, occupied Israel during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. On a three-day visit, his first since restoring diplomatic relations with

Terror in Sri Lanka

But Lanka's has been a quiet uprising against modernisation seems to be fueling. These guerrillas last week seized one of the northern third of the country, a de facto partition enforced by a reign of terror. In the past month about 300 people have been killed, and 100,000 have fled to the south. The two regions of the north, the major rebel factions, fighting for nine years to create an independent state for the Sinhala's 25 million, have traditionally staged hit-and-run attacks with small bands of men. But the current campaign has introduced a new dimension: the guerrillas are attacking towns or civilian as well as military targets. Last week the rebels seized and reportedly executed some hostages after the government refused demands for the release of three captured guerrillas. The rebels are now attacking the army bases of Mannar, the northwest coast. Security forces responded to a raid on an army camp by killing 83 unarmed civilians. Unable to defeat the insurgents, the main officers of Zoya Jayawardene's government is to deter the Sinhalese—their traditional base of support—from joining the guerrillas in rebel murders. A combination of strict curfews and strict censorship has so far prevented conventional rioting. But as the scheduled 25th date for the guerrillas' proclamation of an independence, these steps draw closer, the government is expected to try the rebels represents an act of treason of failure.

A vanishing art



Venice: saving history

Venice's gondola industry, like the city itself, is sinking. Only four practitioners of the centuries-old craft of gondola-making remain, and three are in their 70s. The black hand-carved, flat-bottomed boat takes two months to build and requires eight different types of wood. The Venetian builders, unable to meet annual replacement demand for 40 new boats, complain that there's now few young apprentices willing to master the art. In a last-ditch attempt to keep their 450-gondola fleet afloat, the Association for the Protection of the Gondolas and the Gondolieri will open a new apprenticeship school next month. That is a welcome development, but for the half million sightseers who annually ride the floats and for the ancient port city whose lifeblood is tourism.



Struthers (top) and Moore: 'a match'

Actress **Sally Struthers**, 36, has abandoned TV and returned to theatre as half of a female version of **Neil Simon's** *The Odd Couple*. Simon has rewritten the dialogue but not the plot and is working on the characters (named Florence Tupper and Olive Madison) during its current pre-Broadway production in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Struthers has also returned to a former Broadway partnership, playing the seat-freak Florence/Tupper role to **Rita Moreno** in *Oliver! Over*. The two stars worked together in the limited Broadway engagement of *Willy's Café* in 1981. Struthers, who claims to be "a sacrifice to the nth degree" in real life, ended her eight-year All in the Family run as Archie and Edith Bunker's daughter.

For 28-year-old **Bryan Adams** (it was clearly an experience to relish, "I was fabulous," he said last week after he headed the list of this year's Juno Award winners in the top four categories—best album, producer, composer and male vocalist of the year—for his album *Cuts Like a Knife*. And, unlike many of his fellow musicians, Adams refrained from commenting on the Juno and their nomination system, both organized by the Canadian Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (CRAAS). Created in 1964 as a readers' poll in 1974, a music-industry magazine published by **Walter Groulx**, the Juno were designed to bring recognition to industry artists.

Struthers (top) and Moore: 'a match'

Struthers (top) and Moore: 'a match'

Nominations for the awards are now based on sales, and some industry insiders consider the event to be a predictable exercise in self-congratulation having little impact on the recording artists careers that it was intended to support. **Said Kenny Gossard**, coinducted with **Joe Goldsmith** as producers of the year for their work on **Bruce Cockburn's** album *Stealing Fire*: "If you win an Oscar or an Emmy, your fees go up 100 per cent because it is such a large industry. Here, if you win a Juno, people just use your name." Last year **Cordis Pope**, lead singer of *Rough Trade* and this year's female vocalist of the year, said, "You get all this hype for a while, but it really doesn't do anything."

For his part, CRAAS president **Peter Steinbock**, one of Canada's most prominent entertainment lawyers, maintains that award winners "are universally praised" and that old problems were related more to "the negative criticism of



Adams: clearly a 'fabulous' experience

the show than with the awards themselves." To try to guarantee the awards' continuing audience appeal, this year CRAAS shifted the presentation from April to early December, away from the spring flurry of award shows and into the industry's most rewarding season (most companies sell 30 per cent of their products between Nov. 1 and Dec. 25), and separated the dinner part of the evening from the televised show, which runs on broadcast from the Automotive Building at Exhibition Place in Toronto (attended a deeply elated Steinbock: "I think it was the best one to which that building has been put since the introduction of the Mustang").

—JOYCE BYRNE LAMBERT



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Halting steps toward entente



Mulroney and Lévesque: a rift on use of Québec a key constitutional concern

By Alysia Ambrosiak

Lanching on beef Wellington in the dining room adjoining the ornate Salon Beauséjour of the Quebec national assembly, Prime Minister Jean Mulroney and Quebec Premier René Lévesque agreed that better roads are needed in Mulroney's home town of Blue Bonnet, Que. More importantly, they concurred on the need for new jobs in the province, where the unemployment rate is 23.1 per cent. But for Lévesque, who needed constitutional concessions from Mulroney to mend his disaffected Parti Québécois, the encounter was something of a disappointment. Playing the role of amiable statesman, Mulroney declared that in seeking a solution to Quebec's constitutional dilemma it was important that "we make solid progress, but that we make it slowly" and suggested that he and Lévesque discuss the issue again sometime next spring.

The meeting, the first between the two leaders since Mulroney was elected on Sept. 4, started with a slight hitch when Lévesque was not present to greet Mulroney upon his arrival at Quebec City's national assembly. "The late 11

supper that's another diplomatic incident," snickered the bearded premier as he hurried in to join Mulroney. When the two men emerged from their lunch they appeared agreeable—if not completely optimistic—about the prospects for finally bringing Quebec into the constitutional accord that Ottawa and the nine other provinces hammered out in 1982. At the time, an angry and hunched Lévesque refused to sign approval of the Canada Act because it failed to provide Quebec with the opportunity to opt out of future constitutional amendments with financial compensation.

While Mulroney told reporters in Quebec City that he and Lévesque did not discuss a possible constitutional agreement in detail, the Prime Minister did indicate that he is changing his mind about that key area of concern. In the past, Mulroney opposed the idea of compensation if the province were to opt out of national programs. But, said Mulroney, there is "a world of difference between a unilateral one-shot deal which would come from Ottawa... and a good per quo resulting in a signed deal" which would make Quebec a signatory to the Constitution.

For his part, Lévesque conceded that

"the ball is in our court now" and that he must devise a specific constitutional proposal. "I am hopeful," Lévesque added, "that we will be able to find a formula that will allow the government of Quebec to reconvene the national assembly the acceptance of constitutional terms with honor and with enthusiasm."

In fact, Mulroney's own stated agenda might encourage delaying substantive talks until after the next Quebec election—expected within the next year—which could well result in the election of a Liberal government in Quebec City under former premier Robert Bourassa. Mulroney suggested that a formal meeting with Lévesque might take place by Easter. "The premier is busy in January," Mulroney joked, in reference to the Jan. 29 PQ convention at which Lévesque will try to win support from party delegates for his decision to play down the issue of Quebec independence in the next election. A

total of nine players who resigned in protest after Lévesque announced his decision two weeks ago. Last week the seventh cabinet member to quit, Ontario Relations Minister Denis Laframboise, accused Lévesque of "betraying the nation d'être of the party—oversteering."

Despite Lévesque's problems within his party, a poll released last week showed the PQ striking a surprisingly strong showing against Bourassa's Liberals. The poll, carried out between Nov. 16 and 26 by the Montreal firm Sorocum, showed that the PQ had narrowed the 66-point lead the Liberals held in September to only 24 points, with 25 per cent of those polled favoring the Liberals and 31 per cent backing the PQ. When respondents were asked how they would vote if the PQ dropped independence from its election platform, the gap between the two parties narrowed even more dramatically, to 16 per cent for the Liberals and 40 per cent for the PQ. That only served to underline the importance for Lévesque of showing evidence of progress on the Constitution, in order to claim more credibly that Quebec's interests can still be addressed within Confederation. ☐



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1. Computer Week Profile Office Automation Week, August 8, 1987, p. 10.
2. Ibid.
3. Office Automation Systems Review, Business Week, October 4, 1984, p. 18.
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Stumbling through trouble

During his 14 years in office it has been an annual tradition for New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield to deliver an informal "State of the Province" address to the Fredericton Chamber of Commerce—but not this year. His decision to turn down the Chamber's invitation last month was widely interpreted as a measure of the political pressure and uncertainties that are building around him. This week the Conservative premier is scheduled to go to court in the provincial capital on charges of marijuana possession. At the same time, new political troubles and rumors of scandal are swirling around his government. And despite the premier's pledge to a general meeting of his Conservative party on Nov. 30 "to do a better job," many Tories have expressed concern that the beleaguered leader is no longer fully in control of his job. "Things are not being done well," said a former member of the New Brunswick Conservative party executive who asked not to be named. "There's a feeling that we are slipping the ship."

The storm of political attacks that have dogged Hatfield began in September, when senior officers found a packet of marijuana in the outside pocket of his suitcoat during a security check at baggage accompanying Queen Elizabeth II on her visit to the province. One month later, after the discovery became public knowledge, Hatfield, 68, was formally indicted. In the meantime, provincial comptroller Glenice Graham and liquor board administrator Bruce R. Cernie were fired after pleading guilty to evading income taxes. Last week Hatfield asked the cabinet to remove Graham from his job. Graham is scheduled to appear before cabinet to defend his actions and he intends to appeal his conviction. At the same time, a report detailing some of the questionable spending habits of Hatfield's ministers became public. Then, New Brunswick political circles buzzed with rumors that Crown prosecutors were considering tax evasion charges against a senior minister—and of a pending divorce action that would expose the unconventional sexual preferences of another prominent Tory.

Provincial Auditor General John Asie published a report that pointed out, among other things, that the premier was allowed to claim expenses—of up to \$100 a day—for his private secretary. To that, the opposition Liberals reacted by saying that the report confirmed their previous allegations. According to the Liberals, Hatfield's reform minister, Jean-Nicolas Simard, was paid \$1,736 from public funds in 1985 for a trip he claimed to have made to Paris on gov-

ernment business back in July, 1983. Trouble has also erupted in the touchy area of language policy. Horner Hanson, a widely respected Fredericton lawyer, resigned late last month as English co-chairman of an advisory committee



Richard Hatfield

established by calling for the repeal of the 1969 Official Languages Act. And Hatfield's supply and services minister, Ed Allen, declared publicly that he was ready to leave Hatfield's charges of incompetence.

Hatfield's difficulties have prompted members of discontent with his entire administration. "People feel embarrassed," noted provincial New Democratic Party leader George Little.

"Talk in Tories in unguarded moments and you'll hear them say it's time Hatfield was gone." Political discontent among the electorate was registered last month when an NDP candidate defeated the incumbent Tory in an East Saint John by-election. But Hatfield has shown a talent in the past for surviving disasters, and—with the next election not due until 1987—experienced observers think that it is far too soon to count him out. Hatfield's resilience, noted Douglas Young, a former leader of the provincial Liberals, "is based on experience. He's been through this many times before." —CHRISTOPHER WOOD in Fredericton

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Probing history for scandal

By Terry Hargreaves

In a watershed moment last week Brian Mulroney told the House of Commons that he likes to keep up with the news by listening to the radio in his Jacuzzi. But what the Prime Minister did not reveal was whether, while sitting there, he is ever struck by the uncomfortable fact that he is currently upholding some of the very practices he vowed to end in last summer's election campaign. On the hearings he initiated that the federal government has an obligation to make information available to Audette General Kenneth Dye, Parliament's independent spending watchdog. Yet last week Mulroney was locked in a parliamentary struggle over cabinet secrecy as the auditor general pressed a two-year-old campaign to investigate the financial details of Petro-Canada's controversial 1981 purchase of Belgamont-owned Petrofina Canada Ltd. for \$1.46 billion.

Aggravated by the constitutional issue raised by the Petrofina case, it was a week of damning details in the Commons, coupled with off-the-top political blighting, as the Tories—necessarily unconvinced that they have replaced the beaten Liberals—disseminated information designed to discredit the fallen Grits. The House did observe one milestone with the introduction of the first item of legislation from the Mulroney government—an act to rename the Foreign Investment Review Agency as Investment Canada and make foreign investments sellable in Canada (page 18).

Questions have lingered since the Petrofina sale raised suspicions of illegal profits and insider trading

Another diversion arose when New Democrat Sir Ronald Robinson claimed before a parliamentary committee that two Petro-Canada vice-presidents, Robert Paulsen and Fred Rayer, may have been involved in covert activities for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. After being denounced roundly for making irresponsible accusations, Robinson "unwillingly" assigned to the two men The U.S. Embassy in Ottawa said that the questions allegedly asked on behalf of the CIA were of the type that Washington routinely, and openly, asks American diplomats to answer from public advisories.

Questions have lingered since Petro-Canada's purchase of the Belgium-owned oil company's shares for \$220 million—\$20 over the market value—after a period in which General trading in the stock drove the price up from \$16 in a five-month period. At the time, Danisak Dloshy, a former Montreal Stock Exchange chairman, among others, charged that there were signs illegal profits had been made. Last week an article in the Ottawa Citizen claimed that the federal government may have lost as much as \$200 million in capital gains taxes because of an elaborate tax avoidance structure. Those tax arrangements were reported at the time and in any case were, Dye said last week, a legal business practice. But the rehashing of old allegations served to focus parliamentary interest once again on Dye's long-standing efforts to learn more about cabinet deliberations on the Petrofina purchase.

After a barrage of questions about the issue in the House last week, Mulroney attempted to find a compromise. During a meeting with vice leader Ed Broadbent and Liberal leader John Turner at Mulroney's Centre Block office, the three men failed to agree on releasing cabinet documents to Dye. Broadbent said that the auditor general should have access to all materials he needs. Turner declared that, like Mulroney, he believed to one should be able to "transmute into cabinet decisions of previous governments." Instead, Turner suggested—and Mulroney agreed—that Petro-Canada chairman Wilbert Hopper should be required to "bring all documentation relevant" before a Commons committee. However, sources close to Mulroney contended that some of Hopper's documents will probably be placed as confidential. As a result, the proposal is unlikely to satisfy Dye.



Mulroney said that if Dye is not satisfied with Hopper's information he will meet with the auditor general to discuss other ways of resolving the impasse. In any case, Dye said he planned to press the action he launched last summer in the Federal Court to obtain cabinet documents on the Petrofina purchase. A hearing was set to begin Feb. 6. Dye said he is also determined to get to the bottom of questions about two other expensive government deals in the past—the 1980 contract for 135 F-16 jet fighters from McDonnell Douglas Corp. of St. Louis, Mo., for about \$5 billion, the biggest single military purchase in Canadian history, and the 1983 order from Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. Ltd. for six naval frigates at an estimated cost of about \$2 billion.

In the meantime, the Mulroney government pursued its efforts to disavow the party it founded so thoroughly in the Sept. 4 election. As a result of one such thrust, the Toronto Globe and Mail published a series of articles based on leaked government documents alleging that former transport minister Lloyd Axworthy spent close to double his annual office and staff budget of \$1.2 million in less than six months, while his ministerial staff totalled about 7% more by three times the normal complement. Axworthy quickly dismissed the allegations as a "hoax."

The next day Treasury Board President Robert de Cotree tabled figures in the Commons showing that spending by Liberal cabinet ministers on ministerial staffs jumped by more than 10% over the three-year period before the Liberal defeat. Then the Conservatives leaked a 16-page report which tracked what it described as a decline in the Canadian economy that began during Turner's tenure as finance minister from 1976 to 1979. Turner accused the Tories of juggling numbers to suit their purpose and—perhaps more to the point—of simply wasting their time. "I don't understand," mused Turner, "why a government with such a huge majority has directed energy toward attempting to rewrite history with respect to their opponents?"

Dye rumormongering into cabinet decisions

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Character and quality

Two kinds of power play

HOCKEY NIGHT
(CBC, Dec. 16)

Many adults object to boys and girls playing on the same hockey team, but, as *Hockey Night* demonstrates, the children themselves are level: the girls, with precocious confidence, are not. When 14-year-old Cathy Yarrow (Megan Follows) wins a spot as goalie on a minor league team in a small Northern Ontario town, her fellow players soon accept her with a enthusiasm that masks a real affection. The top goal scorer, Spear Kazak (Yannick Bisson), even falls in love with her, one of the most affecting scenes in the family drama, show Spear and Cathy during dry-laid training, rising far ahead of the rest of the team in fiercely joyful competition. The image makes the case for the essential equality of men and women far more eloquently than any feminist tract.

Follows gives Cathy a waddy charm which soon dispels the belief that only an upstart girl could want to play hockey. And although Spear initially



Follows: a case for men's equality

looks at her unexpected competence, he comes to experience a superior and all-too-rare kind of male pride: he likes her in large part because she is so good. Off the ice, the two are far less sure of themselves. Their mating game is a long yet eventually engaging ritual of long talks and postponed kisses, a refreshing suggestion that teenage innocence has not yet disappeared.

McKeezie Bricker Rick Miranda, as coach Wilf Leiper, backs up Follows with a slightly understated performance that communicates the air of a doer, fair man. Indeed, Cathy's venture into hockey might have been trouble-free if not for the attempts of Mr. Moss (Henry Rowley), the junior league's macho sponsor, to remove her. Unfortunately, scriptwriters Paul Shapiro and Jack Blum fell to exploit Moss's opposition until well over halfway through the film. While *Hockey Night* sometimes fails to meet its dramatic potential, it imparts a refreshingly human sense of Canadians as decent, somewhat isolated individuals dwarfed by the winter-bound landscape around them. Director Shapiro has also made rich symbolic use of the red tentile over the town's harbor, constantly suggesting, it reminds viewers of *Hockey Night* that there is more than one way to bridge the gap between the seas.

—JOHN BISHOP

A close brief encounter

STARMAN

Directed by John Carpenter

The nameless and shapeless hero of *Starman*, an extraterrestrial, begins life on Earth as a lonely, pale-blue fog. When the U.S. military shoots his crash down over Wisconsin, he drifts into the home of Jenny Hayden (Karen Allen), a young widow who has ended herself to sleep after an evening of watching home movies of her dead husband, Scott (Jeff Bridges). With the aid of a lock of Scott's hair which Jenny has kept in an album, the eager visitor begins to assume the melodic structure of the dead husband. The awakened Jenny looks on incredulously at her transformation from gas through ontology to manhood—and then she faints. And as the lovers scramble toward Meteor Crater, the *Starman* and Jenny Hayden (he always calls her by her complete name) encounter a number of kindnesses from ordinary people with hearts as big as the landscape. The director, John Carpenter (*Halloween*, *Escape*

from New York), shoots the action with a straight-throated eye, holding the two seemingly mismatched lovers in close-up during the long and painful, but often

From New York, shoots the action with a straight-throated eye, holding the two seemingly mismatched lovers in close-up during the long and painful, but often

tragicomic phone numbers. Carpenter understands that the movie's real enchantment lies not only in its special effects but in the dissection of love.

Bridges's performance as the *Starman* is remarkable, from the tiny, bird-like perches of his head (he never learns to move his eyes) to his gently movements of his joints. Allen's character is more conventional but she grasps the role with the same poignant tenacity as her character does the memory of her lost husband.



Bridges: vapor vision

As the *Starman* discovers what it is like to feel human, he tells a sympathetic investigator of the paranormal (Charles Martin Smith) what he thinks "is most beautiful about your race—you are at your best

when things are worst." *Starman* says much that is lovely about this planet and it reveals an optimism at once reckless and entirely pleasurable.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

For them



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Love and lust: subterranean romance, and the influence of a rock video

One from a confused heart

THE COTTON CLUB

Directed by Francis Coppola

Lady Mountbatten called it "the wildest of histories." Duke Ellington said it was "a damn spot." During its heyday in the late 1930s and early 1940s the Cotton Club catered to an affluent white audience by showcasing the most innovative and flamboyant black jazz musicians, including Ellington himself, Cab Calloway and Louis Armstrong. According to Harris, "The shows had a primitive, mixed quality that was supposed to make a white audience love its exhibition." But in Francis Coppola's 145-minute film based on the turbulent history of the club, there are only a few moments that capture such primal exuberance. Although its song-and-dance sequences are stunning, *The Cotton Club* has little dramatic momentum. Instead, with its frantic, overblown pace and overused cast of one-dimensional characters, the film resembles an over-the-hill gangster comic strip.

Most of the major characters are performers whose stage sets often serve as makeshift counterpoints for their personal lives. Duke Ellington (Richard Gere) is an aspiring white crooner player who falls in with the mob of bar owner Dutch Schultz (James Garner). As Schultz attempts to take over the Manhattan nightlife market, Dwyer carous with Schultz's mistress, a young singer named Vera, (Cyndi Lauper). In a parallel plot, one of the club's black dancers, Sandman Williams (Gregory Hines), falls in love with an ambitious white singer, Lila Rose Oliver (Lance McKenna). Light-skinned enough to

pass for a white, Lila Rose dreams of success on Broadway and considers her relationship with the dark-skinned Sandman as an obstacle.

Several other subplots intersect in *The Cotton Club*, but most of them are only partially developed. Coppola tries to cram too much into the two-hour film, and the result is an incoherence as a rock video: the scenes jump among the different worlds of the story, and no actor is on screen long enough to establish a character. Although Hines, McKenna and Ben Houston, as the Cotton Club's owner, fight against the stereotypes that the script provides for them, Gere is too wooden an embodiment as Dwyer; he occasionally shows lies over his face and staves off into space as if he were avoiding the real nerve of the script (Coppola and Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist William Kennedy would between 30 and 40 different versions during filming).

Still, any movie costing \$45 million should be worth its \$5 admission, and *The Cotton Club* does contain some moments of value. From the exhilarating finale of the opening theme—Ellington's "The Mooche"—the music and choreography are consistently breathtaking. But the glorious, inventive music of Ellington and his contemporaries only emphasizes the shallowness and banality of Coppola's tale. The classic jam produced in the era of the real Cotton Club achieved a graceful balance between raucous rhythm and serene melody that stands as a high-water mark of the century's music. But *The Cotton Club*'s storyline offers only occasional selections of rhythm—used to accompany at all

—JAN FRANKLIN

The bigamist and the brood

MICKI AND MAUDE
Directed by Blake Edwards

Micki and Maude is director Blake Edwards's often amusing comedy of 1986 about the woman angle for a better job, while the male protagonist dreams of parenthood. Rob Schneider (Dusty Moore) cannot shake his life as an on-call news reporter for *America Now*, a basic-cable-television magazine program. His owners own shares when he is introduced as "an important broadcast journalist," and Schneider's workaholic lawyer wife, Micki (Ann Dooking), puts him on hold when he calls her office. To give his life some meaning he would like to father a child, but Micki thinks only of promotion to a judge's bench. Then Schneider gets his chance for parenthood through a rejuvenating affair with actress Maude Gullery (Amy Irving). Maude becomes pregnant, and Schneider bravely resigns her, claiming that he has divorced the first Mrs. Schneider. But Micki also becomes pregnant and leaves her law firm to devote herself full-time to her husband and future child.

Micki and Maude takes an inordinately long time to set up the central comic concern: one may miss adding with two pregnant wives. But the movie begins so when Moore, at his addled and flustered best, runs widdly between his expectant spouses. Micki and Maude climaxes in splendid farce at the delivery room, when the two Mrs. Schneiders arrive at the same time and somehow both accompanied by, and comforted by, an frantic, short-of-breath husband.

The love triangle which director Edwards created in 1979—with Moore shuffling between the women—John Andrews and the alarmist Dr. Drewe—is repeated in *Micki and Maude*, with Reinking (Ad Tatt-Jam) as the maturely amiable woman. Seeking his best best life and resolves Edwards's most sensitive director, she also wins the audience's sympathy by finding a hidden vulnerability in her highly malicious lawyer. But living is short-changed as Maude, the idealistic younger woman, part is badly underwritten, which leaves the love triangle seriously out of balance. Micki and Maude is also bedeviled with a hollow resolution of its bigamist's dilemma—a strained and sloppy ending. Still, Edwards's comedy deserves attention both for its inspired buoyancy and Reinking's intelligent humanity. Late in his pregnant preoccupation, the film certainly delivers. —GERALD PEARL

ART

Grandeur in simplicity

Barbara Parley, eminent Canadian scholar and painter, describes her recent style as "blossoming" because he can no longer sit on an arched painting table over his favorite areas of Prince Edward County and Georgian Bay. But at 90 he is still hard and moderately active. In May, for his scholarly work in German literature, he received a new honor: the Order of the Federal Republic of Germany.

During the summer he drew and painted (from memory), and this month some previously unpublished drawings, *Georgian Bay, 1935*, are being reproduced in book form, with an introduction by Gary Michael Dault and a reprint preface by Parley (Penguin Press, 54 pages, \$9.95). As well, a show of these drawings opened at the Marianne Friedland Gallery on Dec. 1. They are the only drawings that Parley has ever published or exhibited in a one-man show or book, and they clarify the Parley style.

That style has divided critics over since the renowned professor and translator took up painting at the relatively late age of 45. Rather than producing abstract work, the signs, "I see the word abstractionism," Parley has purposefully set out to develop his minimalist vision of the Georgian landscape and people he has known. His approach to the canvas is steady, simple, exact and selfless with a concrete visual understanding of how to concentrate on subject matter—a nose, a part of a person or a yellow field emphasized by a dark line. There is something both rough and elegant about his work. Parley once said that his art is "about how two animals and two yellows," and he has adhered to that sparse credo. His portraits, with their fixed gazes, are as revealing character as the expanse of atmosphere in setting; his previous, clumpy landscape gives the viewer a sense of what an area looks like, but also of what the area endures under human settlement and extinction.

A bluff but gentle Yorkshire immigrant, Parley came to Canada in 1942 as a professor of German literature at the University of Toronto and wrote several studies on the great German writer Goethe. At the same time, Parley cofounded *The Canadian Forum* in 1950 and edited its literary column until 1963. In that role he helped publish a generation of cultural figures: The Group of Seven and Earle Birney, whose first poem appeared in the *Forum* in 1909. Parley's career as an artist began in 1952 during a visit to Manchester, En-



Parley: concise visual understanding

gland, where he painted the city's canals and street scenes. But he turned to portraits and landscapes after his return to Ontario in 1956. He painted continuously until he converted to Judaism in 1982.

The 35-panel drawings in *Georgian Bay, 1935*, landscapes from the Pointe au Baril region, seen as though with a soft light like the land itself. As Parley told Maude's "I was so disenchanted by the color that summer, I couldn't paint it. So I did these sketches. I thought of them at the time as a journal, a second best." But, brilliantly, he captured subtle differences in the distance terms and concentrated on the way that the land was formed: how it rises, slopes, how it is intersected by water and framed by water, and how it seems rocky and levels away into bluffs or shores.

The drawings are more detailed than Parley's stark oils of the Georgian Bay or Prince Edward County areas, and the minimalist approach to form that they take also sets them apart. Like photographs from the past, *Georgian Bay, 1935*, demonstrates that Parley has basically ignored whatever major trends are in vogue, and he has stubbornly painted his own vision of people and the country. Most important, he has learned to see that his drawing is understood. —DAVID DROGOSI

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A massive Soviet diversion

The Soviet Union's vast southern plains contain some of the world's most fertile land. But in the past six years the Soviet grain harvest has fallen far short of projected goals. This year the country will produce only 180 million tons of grain, 77 million tons less than expected. The reason: Soviet farmers have tamed the Volga River to its limit in the west and severely depleted the freshwater Aral Sea in the east, essential irrigation sources that can no longer support the needs of those huge agricultural areas. As a result, a long dormant, massive Soviet program to divert five northern-flowing rivers to the southern regions of Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan is about to become a reality. And Western and unofficial Soviet fears that the project could produce damaging side effects, including the melting of the polar ice cap, Moscow plans to divert about 11.7 trillion gallons of water annually to the arid south by the year 2000.

Already, one of the project's two main elements, a \$4.1-billion Volga diversion project, which involves rerouting a com-



The plan: 11.7 trillion gallons annually

plex system of northern European lakes and rivers down the Volga to the Caspian Sea, is nearing reality. The Soviets hope that the project will also help preserve the Caspian's valuable sturgeon fishery. Housing developments are under way, and new pipes and materials have been transported to the planned dam sites. William Wyse, research associate at the Washington-based Global Water organization, said that the Soviet government has been actively recruiting work groups to begin construction on the project.

The three major rivers involved in the Volga project are the Ob, the Northern Dvina and the Pechora, which flow naturally into the Arctic Ocean. Under a system of 35 dams, engineers will first turn the rivers to back up to firm barges. Then, a series of pumping stations will reverse the water's course and make it flow southward into the upper Volga and its tributary, the Kama River.

In Siberia, Soviet engineers are producing detailed designs to reverse the northern flow of the enormous Ob River in order to offset the severely depleted 20,750-square-mile Aral Sea, where levels have dropped a dramatic nine meters over the past 25 years because of excessive irrigation demands. The plans call for a 1,560-mile canal which will carry water south from the Ob and its tributary, the Irtysh River, down to the Aral Sea. A decision to begin construction on the mammoth Sisu-Kulov project is expected in early 1986. Said Sandra Powell, senior researcher of the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute: "The Siberian project has been on the back burner until recently, but now the Soviet leadership has put pressure on the Politburo to act."

As the program continues, the Kremlin has tried to suppress Soviet concerns about its potential ecological consequences. But many Western observers remain concerned about water diverting so much freshwater away from the Arctic Ocean. Said Powell: "The freshwater reduction directly affects the salinity balance of the ocean, and that in turn could lower the freezing point of the water." And that development would eventually cause the polar ice cap to melt, beginning a "warming trend around the world. Powell added that the flooding would also damage the rivers' ecological systems, perhaps killing off essential seaweed and bird populations and certainly displacing people. Wyse declared: "I question the wisdom of spending vast sums of money on these dubious diversion projects. Better management practices also raise the yields more efficiently than these diversion schemes ever could." He added, "Wildlife and irrigation projects around the world have caused more problems than they have solved." —JENN ROGERS



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A fight for lead-free living

By Dave Silbert

Since the days of the Ancient Romans, lead has figured as one of the most notorious poisons in history. But it was not until the 1970s that the Canadian and U.S. governments took steps to reduce the lead emissions of

automobiles, the single greatest source of the toxic metal in the North American environment. Although lead-free gasoline has helped to reduce the amount of lead found in human bodies by as much as 40 per cent, new studies show that even far lower levels still pose serious health problems—including

birth defects and lower intelligence among children. Although Canada is about to follow the United States in further reducing lead in gasoline, a powerful U.S. industrial lobby opposes the reduction, contending that lead in the blood could even be beneficial to humans. But most scientists are convinced that the debate has gone on too long. Lead U.S. researcher Herbert Needleman: "The case against lead is stronger than for any other toxic."

That case received support in November when the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta lowered its estimate of the amount of lead necessary to poison the blood of children to 25 from 30 micrograms per decilitre of blood. And a new study by Needleman, a researcher at Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh, found that 85 children with blood-lead levels of only 11 micrograms per decilitre scored lower on IQ tests than less-exposed children. The study followed Needleman's 1979 work showing that babies born with 67 micrograms per decilitre tended to have more birth defects, and those with an average 24 micrograms had triple the normal rate of defects.

The case against lead does not focus exclusively on children, however. The CDC now sets 40 micrograms per decilitre as the danger point for adults, and another CDC study to be published in February will link levels of 15 to 30 micrograms with high blood pressure in men. But the most sinister aspect of lead is its effect on the brain, according to Needleman. He contended that lead binds to brain proteins, especially in young children. At low doses, such as 10 micrograms per decilitre, lead impairs the ability of brain cells to communicate with one another, he said. Added Needleman: "At doses of more than 90, it kills brain cells."

Lead has been added to motor fuel to improve engine performance and power since 1923. Refiners originally introduced lead-free gasoline not to reduce lead emissions but to avoid damaging new anti-pollution equipment designed to reduce hydrocarbon, nitrous oxide and carbon monoxide emissions. But as evidence against lead mounts, governments have come under increasing pressure to eliminate leaded gas. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency allows 1.1 grams of lead per gallon of leaded gas sold in that country, and proposes a total ban by 1996. Early next year the EPA will rule on an initial proposal to reduce that level to 0.1 grams by 1998.

Refiners argue that the goal will be either too expensive or just impossible to achieve. But lead researchers overwhelmingly support the ban. Said one public health adviser James Simpson: "There was a clear decrease in blood-

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Many scientists admit that lead levels have been steadily dropping, but they are frustrated by the industrial lobby's power to maintain a debate over how much lead should be permitted in gasoline. Reed Chant: "If you want my opinion, we know all we need to know about lead. We should get off the debate." ☺

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In a prophet's bedroom

H.G. Wells in Love
by H.G. Wells
(Penguin, 357 pages, \$19.95)

H.G. Wells, son of a vicar-de-will shopkeeper who became a towering literary and intellectual figure of his day, was among the last of

the large-think-life Victorians whose personalities and achievements were an exposure to the era itself. As a prophet, author of superb science fiction (*The War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine*), a historian (*The Outline of History*) and a champion of progressive causes including women's rights and world so-

cialism, he kept his provocative voice in the forefront of public debate until his death in 1946 at the age of 79. His time has dissolved since then, but he springs vividly to life in two recent books. *Onlife and Ondeath* Anthony West, the affair of Wells's affair with author Rebecca West, created in H.G. Wells, *Onlife and Ondeath* her elegant umbrella to a father he never really knew (Maclean's, May 28, 1984). Now, his father's version of events emerges in *H.G. Wells in Love*, an entertaining autobiographical account of his romantic relationships, which he completed in 1930 but never published for fear of libel suits.

Both works reveal a man as prolific in his private passions as he was in his public writings. Throughout his life the author pursued a phantasm of desire he described as his "Love Shadow," an ideal woman who could satisfy both his love and social appetite and his craving for emotional and intellectual companionship. He never found her, and averaged three or four affairs a year until well into old age. As he wrote, "I have done what I pleased; so that every bit of sexual impulse in me has expressed itself."

For most of his life Wells enjoyed both the freedom to wander and the security of a stable home life. He married twice, first in 1891 to cousin Isabel, whom he left after two years to wed one of his students. Jane Wells bore him two sons, and the marriage lasted until her death from cancer in 1907. It survived only because the distraught, devoted Jane agreed early on to give him full rein in his sexual affairs. No matter how far he strayed, he always returned to her as a refuge of comfort and stability. When her death left him without an anchor, he tried to recreate his Russian mistress, Rebecca, to marry him. It was a measure of his vanity that he could not understand why the clever, independent Rebecca declined.

Despite the occasional displays of arrogance and self-pity, it is hard to dislike Wells's sheer vitality and his warm appreciation of the opposite sex. In the same way, women found it hard to resist the short, rotund, mustachioed figure of a man when caricatures of the period loved to exploit. Wells once attributed his lack of women to the fact that his flesh smelled of violets. As well, he had his reputation, wit, and charm to recommend him.

An advocate of free love and state support for mothers, Wells took pride in noting off what he saw as the shackles of Victorian sexual repression. On one occasion, he and a friend made love on top of an issue of *The Times* of London which contained an attack on premarital sex, and then burned the offending edition. Although he enjoyed easy sex

with such prominent figures as birth-control pioneer Margaret Sanger and author Violet Trefler, casting off the shackles was often a lonely business. In 1925, a young German woman, whom he had slept with once, arrived at his London apartment naked except for a raincoat, and threatened to kill herself with a razor unless he said he loved her. While Wells was reasoning his way out of her, she slashed her wrists and wrists. She survived the attempt, but Wells only narrowly avoided a scandal by persuading his friend, the Fleet Street baron Lord Beaverbrook, to suppress reports of his involvement in the affair.

Wells had scrupulously sought to avoid scandal ever since his intense, idealistic affair with Amber Benson, the brilliant young daughter of colleagues in the elite socialist Fabian Society, engaged in public justification. When Amber became pregnant in 1909, her father married her off in the most conventional Victorian manner to an accommodating lawyer. After the birth of Wells's daughter, the lawyer presented him by court order from seeing her. Despite Wells's professed dislike for conventional morality, when Rebecca West accidentally became pregnant in 1914 at the age of 21, Wells handled her off to a remote seaside resort to have the baby, when he refused to acknowledge publicly as his son until Anthony was in his early teens.

Wells's stormy, 11-year affair with Rebecca was marked by escalating clashes of will. Rebecca threw without success to persuade him to divorce Jane, and consequently he left her the money in his life he considered his intellectual equal. In *Onlife and Ondeath*, Anthony West argued that his mother, who died last year at the age of 90, took her divorce revenge on Wells by portraying him as a recent bigamist as a self-ward who exploited her youth and then clung to her in his dotage. West points out, correctly, that she had instigated the affair by throwing herself at the older man, and faults her for underestimating her relationship with Wells with persistent demands for marriage. By contrast, in his autobiography Wells is more generous to Rebecca than she would subsequently be to him. As he admits, "I was far more hard to love Rebecca than she to be good to me."

In the end, H.G. Wells in Love succeeds not because of long-dead gossip but on the strength of the author's engaging, robust voice. The book also constitutes a fascinating social document of the early battles for equality between the sexes. Bene readers will conclude that Wells had the upper hand, but he disagreed. As he wrote, "the exchanges were fairly equal—I've libertines met—and when I got a woman, a woman got a man."

—DELLAN MACKAY

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TIGER, A HOCKEY STORY
By Tiger Williams with James Lorton
(Doubleday & Mitchell, 272 pages, \$16.95)

Traditionally, just in time for holiday gift-giving, one particular hockey book appears and captures the imagination of Canadians. Last year it was Ken Dryden's *The Game*, in 1982 Scott Young's *Meanies and Hollies in the NHL*, in 1988 Peter Goulet's *The Game of Our Lives*. The hockey book for 1989 is *Tiger, A Hockey Story*, an account of how to succeed in professional hockey with little speed, less stick-handling ability and the sort of brains skills that help one survive in the jungle. It is the story of David (Tiger) Williams, now 30 and a left winger with the Detroit Red Wings, a rugged and aggressive player with a likable combination of innocence and integrity. The result is a wonderfully entertaining account of a young man who knows what he has and who he is.

When Williams, a World Junior's son, finished a bruising career as junior hockey, he received offers from many professional teams, but he wanted to play for the Maple Leafs. His agent advised him to try to keep a blank expression when the Maple Leafs offered him money. When young Williams only found himself in vice-president King Clancy's office at Maple Leaf Gardens in 1974, Clancy offered him \$70,000 a year. Considering his age, Williams got up from his chair, walked across the room and handed Clancy's pet groomer a darting about in a fish tank. (Still watching the killer fish, Williams at last replied, "When I'm a pro, that's the way I'll be.") The Leafs paid him a \$10,000 bonus for signing. Williams took the cheque to a bank in his home town of Waynes, Sask., and had it cashed in \$10 bills. Then he walked to the old pool hall from which he had often been evicted in the past, and deftly counted the \$20,000, bill by bill, onto the pool hall's bar.

James Lorton, a Vancouver sports writer, neatly balances his connecting commentary with the Tiger's own words, but it is Williams's bare-bones honesty that makes *Tiger* so legible. He calls Maple Leaf teammate Jim McKenney "tomato-head" after the fellow McKenney drank all night and turned red in the face at morning practice. But the worst he can say of a fellow player is that he is "a f---er"—someone who refers only to talent and luck. Neither could ever be said of Tiger Williams. —MARTIN O'BRIEN

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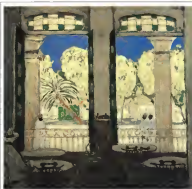
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Morris's Café au Passage, Havana: 'the artist with a teaching endorsement'

Delighting mind and eye

Gift books—the heavy, expensive ones that weigh in at the holiday season—were an art form in themselves. Once they were varnished with beautiful pictures, handsomely presented, displayed on coffee tables to showcase the owner's taste and sensitivity. But they offered little to read—and were seldom read at all. Now, the reading content has increased and, with it, the range and depth of subject. This season's volumes temper the usual hymns to art and nature with thoughtful analysis, there is even a gift book on space, written by an astronaut. All of these are meant for the eye to relish—and the mind to savor.

Melrose (Newman, \$180), with 990 brilliant drawings, exhausts artists and vivid paintings—more Melrose is one place than anywhere before—in a publishing triumph. Some of the book's majestic images, superbly reproduced, are new to the public eye. French critic Pierre Schneider roamed for all the best modernism path to classicalism private holdings, finding Melrose that few scholars suspected ever existed. Schneider devoted 16 years to writing the dense 550-page text, which is brilliant, quotable and authoritative.

Melrose is also frustrating, because it seems curiously indifferent to the artist

beyond the paintings—or to any art going. If it takes an artistic point, but Schneider may be seeking to do more than humanize and popularize his painter's work, attempting to establish Henri Matisse as the 20th century's preeminent spiritual artist. Vincent was Gogh and that "the future belongs to a minor such as his never been seen before." For Schneider, Matisse fulfilled van Gogh's prophesy, and "only recognized the ground it had lost in painting since the Renaissance." Many readers of his monumental study may find through the 590 illustrations and reach their own conclusion that Matisse is the greatest modern master of them all.

James Wilson Morris (1985-1990), a contemporary and personal friend of Matisse's, is one of Canada's most underappreciated artists. Celebrated in the lifetime for his exquisite, harmonious scenes of turn-of-the-century Paris and Venice, wintry Quebec and the sun-drenched West Indies, Morris lost some of his prominence to the shadow of the bolder, more nationalistic Group of Seven. Toronto art dealer G. Blair Loring's *Morris in a Quiet Canadian Art* (McDonnell/McClelland & Stewart, \$60), with many of its 90 elegantly reproduced paintings published for the

first time, is an overdue tribute to the neglected master.

The son of a wealthy Montreal textile manufacturer, Morris completed a law degree before pursuing his parents' wish to send him, at 18, to Paris to study art. He swiftly distinguished himself as a follower of the impressionist school. Matisse granted him as "the artist with the delicate eye, and a teaching endorsement in the rendering of landscapes." His soft-hand, sensitive works tend to evoke melancholy for the loveliness of Paris and Venetian street scenes, and his later journeys to North Africa and the West Indies produced brighter colors and more decorative compositions.

A brief, affectionate sketch of the artist appears in Somerset Maugham's 1906 novel *The Moonlight*. He is "Wren," a charming, drunken patron of Parisian cafés. As another Maugham character describes his work, "It has yet to be seen his sketches—and he'd done hundreds, of unmanageable grace and feeling and distillation—you can never see Paris in the same way again." Loring's volume proves that Morris has lost none of his power to sketch.

Like Morris, Jack Bush is one of the few Canadian painters who has made a significant impression outside his own country. His late blossoming in the 1960s and 1970s as a highly successful New York-style abstract painter stirred controversy among critics, who regarded him as either a genius or a commercial sellout. The large, lavishly illustrated *Jack Bush* (McClelland & Stewart, \$45) contains essays by an international roster of art historians. Their disagreement is remarkable, even seven years after Bush's death, the debate over Bush's importance continues unabated.

Kenneth McFrey, curator of 20th-century art at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, argues that although Bush did not support his ideas fully enough, he contributed a vital voice to the abstract movement. New York critic Clement Greenberg, Bush's mentor, presses him as an apocryphal colorist but concludes suggestively that he preferred "the man to Bush the painter." The art historian emerges as a kindly, unpretentious individual who would have considered the rules, academicism and the art world irrelevant to an appreciation of the old-fashioned joy in his paintings.

Danish also began to achieve his immense popularity in the late 1960s, he was frequently defensive about his decision to paint in a traditional rather than an avant-garde style. Paul David's *Ros Danby—The New Decade* (Godard, \$60) suggests that Danby and her contemporaries should be reassessed. The ship from the artist's shoulder. In Danby's look at the work of the past 10 years, he constantly

banis Duddy to such Old Manors as Rahms and Vermeer and defends him from the "disintegration dippy" of unappreciative critics. Although there is nothing in the current edition as dazzling as Duddy's past achievements, the work has a single, straightforward charm.

The French art critic Octave Mirbeau once described the impressionist Auguste Renoir (1841-1918) as "the only great painter who has never painted a sad picture." But art historian Barbara Ehrlich White, in the massive, richly illustrated biography *Renoir: His Life, Art and Letters* (Prentice-Hall, \$65), argues that his painful personal history is indeed revealed in his work. In 1878, stung by public criticism and nearly destitute, he adopted a naturalistic style that he hoped would appeal to patrons. In mid-life he suffered from depression that was reflected in his paintings' increasingly heavy, gloomy tones. But toward the end of his life, when crippling arthritis made it increasingly difficult for him to hold a brush, he adopted a softer, less strenuous style. He painted until his death, at 77, in 1919. As White's detailed, studiously restrained book, managed by discipline and hard work to transform personal suffering into an art of timeless joy.

Another testament to artistic discipline in the meticulous work of Canadian wildlife artist Glen Loates. In his 67th book of collected works, *Glen Loates: A Break With Life* (Prentice-Hall, \$65), he again displays his versatility, from the lust of lavender in the subtle grey shadings of the winter coat of a Canada lynx to the delicacy of a wild rose. Ranked among the top three Canadian nature artists—with Robert Bateman and J. Fenwick Landow—Loates still seeks to maintain and refine to capture his subjects in their natural settings. The latest compilation, with its 157 illustrations, 86 of which are in full color, offers no surprises, merely further proof of Loates's continuing love affair with nature.

It is a short step from the most photographically realistic paintings of Loates to the lush serenity of photographer Roloff Berg. Of the five books Berg left unfinished when he died last March, *Rajasthan: Land of Kings* (McCollins & Stewart, \$39.95) is the first to appear. Berg's first book on the subject came out in 1969. But, so the author writes in its preface, "the state alone, Rajasthan, obsessed me and drew me back." Indeed, the arid northwest corner of India, shaped by the colorful history of the Rajputs (sons of kings) warrior caste, is ideal Berg country.

Unlike the poignant and soulful books that Berg produced during his tenure as self-described "heart jester" for the late shah of Iran, Rajastan



Komodo from member and (below) (below), Berg's Rajastan: Land of Kings (below) (below)

benefits from Berg's old-fashioned, romantic approach. Whether depicting the medieval madhouse ramparts of Jaipur rising from the bleak plain of the Thar desert or a flower stall at dusk in the "pink city" of Jaipur, Berg captures the essential spirit of the land. *Rajasthan*'s text is earnest, detailed and

dry as New Delhi in May. But it provides a welcome, grey relief to the harshness of the landscape it inhabits.

Sometimes a Great Nation (Altrude Publishing, \$49.95), Edward Cosens's "visual journal" of Canada, combines photography and history in a compellingly stirring and original way—a con-

crete film at a time of year when coffee tables groan under slabs of *Botswana* (Newsworld, Centre of Photography at the Whyte Foundation in Banff, Alta.) and author of several books on pioneer photography, Cosens went across the country searching out striking photographs from the past. What distinguishes his collection of 385 photographs is the haunting, voyeuristic sense of going back in time and peering into someone's private photo album.

Accompanied by a graceful essay on early photography (1839 to 1933), the images offer glimpses of Canada as a young and frequently absurd nation—a great, shambling bear of a country with the dusty leech of Victorian civilization slipped around its neck. One photograph shows a young woman on her way to a costume ball dressed as "The Forests of Canada," with a stuffed squirrel on her shoulder. And there is something reassuring about the picture of a pretty clan in Olds, Alta., where a remainder of women proudly demonstrates the art of chicken-pickin'. By starting young enough at one of those unimpaired views of Canada's past, a reader can discover the outline of that elusive spirit, the Canadian character.

Another of the season's photography books is *Jacques Cosens's Arctic Journey* (Prentice-Hall, \$45), an exclusive account of an extraordinary 1982 expedition by the underwater viewer who has turned the world into his gold-fish bowl. Although many of the book's pictures are stunning, they lack the dramatic appeal of Cosens's film coverage of the same voyage, which was organized for television rather than for still photography. But the text, by Cosens with editor Moss Richards, offers a wealth of detail that television's time format could not possibly convey. And in the teeming Amazon—where 6,500 km square contains more species of fish than the Atlantic Ocean—detail is everything. The river is home to more than 800 kinds of catfish alone. The delta of the Rio and Amazon is an overwhelming sea of river itself, which discharges water into the sea at a rate that would fill Lake Ontario in about three hours. Spending more time out of the water than in it, the explorative-wild poachers, while the Andes, even investigate the cocaine trade. As usual, Cosens's text has multiple scientific and ecological motives to justify the venture, but the impression they bring back from the Amazon is amusement.

Jacques-Yves Cosens, Jacques Cosens's son, has also written the preface for a more modest-scale picture book dedicated to preserving Canada's own miniature rain forests, the lush Queen Charlotte Islands off the mainland coast of British Columbia. The ubiquitous cosmographer adds his voice

to the rising chorus of environmentalists who would like to save them from the forest industry. *Islands of the Edge* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$29.95), produced by the Islands Protection Society, provides a compelling argument that the Charlottes are a unique natural habitat—home to a vast array of mooses and the world's largest black bears, as well as the world's second breeding ground

Returning Space (Blackbird, \$38), Joseph P. Allen's "astronaut's odyssey," employs the fastest frontier frontier. By Allen's scyphoid approach to a space shuttle flight—from astronaut training to blast-off at Cape Canaveral and return—is so much concerned with the process of how these technological wonders of man are achieved as well as the dazzling photographic products. Allen, a crew member on the November, 1980, flight of the space shuttle Columbia, transforms the documentary aspects of his story into unexpected visions. His text is esoteric without being cloying and it is sprinkled with offbeat anecdotes which the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration never puts into press releases, including the Woman's Christian Temperance Union's successful objection to astronauts drinking wine in space with their meals. The 260 full-color photographs provide stunning testimonials to NASA's state-of-the-art equipment. Rather than limit the photo selection to shots of Earth taken from the shuttle, Allen has wisely added photographs of other planets taken by space probes.

Returning Space is a timely reminder that however dazzling the view of this planet presented in the season's other gift books, Earth is, in the end, just one small corner of the universe. —John Barber, Mark Chermak, Angela Ferrelle, Maria Jackson, Brian D. Johnson, Graham Mackay and Gerald Peary

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Tallman, King and Street* (5)
- 2 *Strong Medicine, Shirley* (5)
- 3 *The Fourth Protocol, Forsyth* (5)
- 4 *Stone Day, Crowl, Mitchell* (5)
- 5 *First Among Equals, Archer* (1)
- 6 *The Aquitaine Proposition*
- 7 *Not Wanted on the Voyage, Presley* (1)
- 8 *The Stillman, Price* (1)
- 9 *The Hat, Orie* (3)
- 10 *Prod, Proulx* (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 *Maroon, Jackson with Anah* (1)
- 2 *A Day in the Life of Canada, Edited by Cohen* (5)
- 3 *The Frontiers, Gordon* (5)
- 4 *The Struggle Inside Canada's Black Marbles, Ross* (5)
- 5 *Looking Back, Proulx* (5)
- 6 *What They Don't Teach You At Harvard Business School, McCormack* (5)
- 7 *Sea of Siam, Smith* (10)
- 8 *Mulhoney, The Making of the Prime Minister, Mulhoney* (5)
- 9 *History of the Sun, Shalom* (5)
- 10 *Tiger, A Baskin Story, Williams*

(1) Position not used



Shah's River Loops, a supreme spectacle

for peregrine falcons. But the book also portrays the islands as a microcosm of a larger crime.

Logging companies are now falling trees throughout the island at the rate of 10 acres per minute. The battle to keep loggers out of the Charlottes' most precious forest, the South Moresby region of 136 islands, is now a decade old, and a decision from the B.C. government is imminent. *Islands on the Edge* is a subtle advocacy at its most persuasive.

A House full of illusion

By Allan Fotheringham

Thereason the voters have such contempt for politicians is that they continually insult our intelligence. They are out of touch with reality, which is the only way voters account for the fact they seem to think the average type is a doll with the wit of a nine-year-old. This is demonstrated in the House of Commons every day while the MP pulls a stunt in a chancey attempt to deceive our eyes. Television is the new weapon.

Close upon your idiot box as it daily spews out Question Period or provides clips for the evening news. Note that when Brian Mulroney stands on his hind legs, you can always see the distinctive and sweet-tempered Energy Minister Patricia Gurney seated directly behind him. You can see, still in the line of sight in the third row, the distinguished grey hair of the polished Gabrielle Bernard of Beano-Mistation. If the camera pans slightly to the left, there is the fifth row and the golden locks and the flame-red dress of Mary Collins of Capleton. The aim, of course, is to reassure the Canadian audience that these are the warm, friendly Prime Minister of Canada caring deeply about women, their emotions, hopes and fears, and how women stand all around him.

We switch the screen across the face every time handsome John Turner stands up to ask a penetrating question, it just so happens that the camera happens to be on Toronto's Alden Nicholson over his shoulder directly behind at the third row. Directly behind him, just in case your eyes didn't get the message, is Hamilton's energetic Sylvia Corbin, a rocke who is about the most considerate questioner in the Commons this side of the vic's Ian Denna. And just behind her, one seat over in the back row, is the spectacular-looking Lucie Pilon of Montreal, who looks her spot at the top of the Station of Women Ladder to those in her lot with the unassuming Liberals.

So there we have it in the 1986 world

of telepolitics: proof on the tube every day that Brian Mulroney and John Turner care deeply about the 51 per cent of the population called female. It is all so phony, so convoluted, insulting proof that the politicians and those who package and promote them assume that we are fools. The female-packed fifth line behind Mulroney and Turner are just the latest perversion of the whole concept of televising the Commons. There was a large debate for years, you'll recall, before the tentative, nervous experiment was first allowed. There were those earnest parliamentarians who ar-



gued that it would degrade the whole dignified process, that it would make showmen and patterning actors out of honest MPs. It's why they insisted on stationary cameras that can focus only on the MP speaking and are not allowed to the chamber at all, showing the whole scene—as a spectator sitting in the galleries would see.

The result? The result is that the MP now set out to prevent the very rule that they demand. As Question Period ends every day, the front benches of all three parties and practically all the MP's get up to head for work in their offices or a Jettibor or wherever, leaving some belestified backbencher to speak as an obscure MP. There then ensues a most desperate and unbecomingly stamped of designated warm bodies to crowd into the seats around the chap on his feet. The party whips know exactly how many eager, loyal faces it takes to fill a television screen, and the complaint once they like schoolchildren sent to

clean the blackboard. So the MP who make spend of \$70,000 a year to think are used as recruits from Central Casting to project a gorgeously inaccurate picture of how our Commons operates. We hope they are proud.

Often the televiewer, at the start of Question Period or end, can watch a spectacle—poorly MP imitating Carl Lewis in their eagerness to simulate honesty out of what is dishonesty. They are bodies for sale, not legislators sent to Ottawa to use their minds, but look-alikes for mass. They are poor carriers in a new act of their own contrivances, trying to convert a yawningly empty House of Commons into a full one in the eye of the voter at home. It is as phony a contrivance as political Ottawa has yet come up with to deceive the voter.

Our MP are sticklers for formality and protocol, laudable in abiding by the rules on every substantial amendment to the amendment and the arcane regulations of the House. But when it pertains to something touching on the public—in the televising of their activities—they don't need the least dealing in flattery and shame. They have very strict rules their seating plan and the speaker each time they rise to go out for a smoker's chat. But they have no compunction about faking where it is that they actually sit when the cameras—if they were allowed to—would show the trash as almost-empty Commons.

The MP at its deliberation in committee, wrestling with regulatory laws on false advertising, restrictions on mining firms that make inaccurate representations, recognizes that advertise claims they must back up. The whole idea of Parliament is to make laws that ensure the consumer will not be cheated and that he is getting what he is told he is getting. Yet the Commons, by faking its image, has fallen into the very same net of lies used by commercial fraudsters: least misrepresentation of the truth. MP allowed the cameras in so we could see how the place actually operated. They're now trained around the whole purpose of the exercise. What you see is not what you get.



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